MOTHER LEE'S
EXPERIENCE
IN
FIFTEEN YEARS' RESCUE WORK

PRESENTED BY

Isaac Roberts

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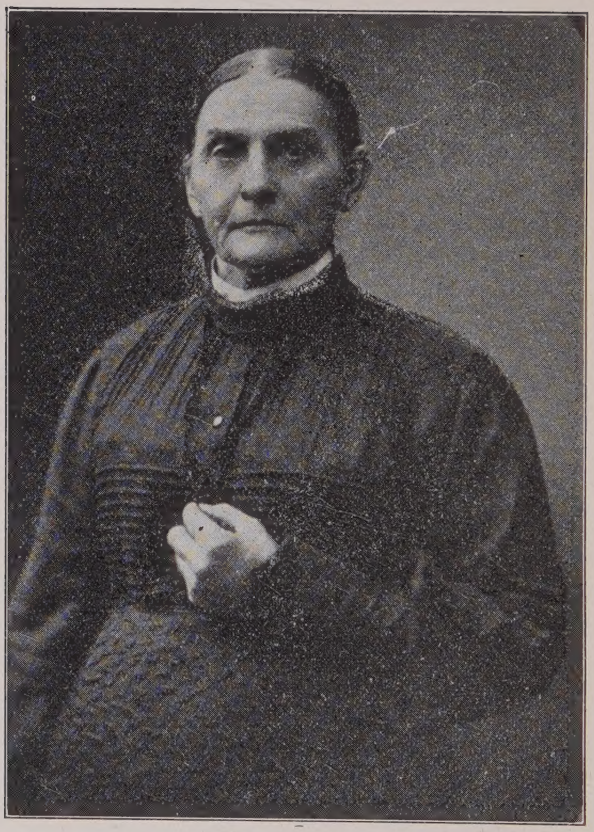

MOTHER LEE.

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EXPERIENCE

IN

Fifteen Years' Rescue Work

WITH

Thrilling Incidents of Her Life

"I have chosen you and ordained you that you should bring forth fruit." John 15, 16.

Come, let us go and find them,
In the paths of Death they roam;
At the close of day, 'twill be sweet to say,
"I have brought some lost one Home."

1906:
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

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Richard Artemus Lee.

DEDICATORY.

To the noble, consecrated men and women, who, by their prayers, their encouraging words, ever ready help and unwavering faith, made possible the rescue of so many precious girls, is this little volume gratefully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

For a number of years I have felt that a book ought to be published, setting forth God's wonderful dealings with me, in providentially bringing me through the dangers of my early life, saving me from sin in later years, definitely calling me into a work of faith and labor of love in rescuing my fallen sisters from lives of sin and shame, promising me help and that his grace should be sufficient for me, and giving me success and victory all these years as I have responded to the call that I have felt upon me ever since my conversion.

Several years ago we published a booklet giving some of these facts, but it never was altogether satisfactory. Even now as this larger book is about ready to be given to the public, I realize that it is merely an inkling of what could be printed herein if space permitted.

To my readers the incidents given may seem numerous, but to me they seem few. Many others, yes, many times as many, equally as interesting, could be

related; but these will suffice as specimens of what has been done and of the immense work that is constantly needed.

It has occurred to me that persons who are not familiar with rescue work, and who are unaccustomed to reading narratives such as these, may think they are overdrawn; but I wish to assure any such that they are a part of my actual experience and are true in every particular.

With earnest prayer that God will make this book a blessing to humanity and a help in the great cause to which my life is consecrated, it is sent forth upon its mission.

MRS. MARTHA A. LEE.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

My parents, being reared in the state of Kentucky, were favorable to slavery and to the manufacture and sale of whiskey, as the people of that state at that time were apt to be.

I have heard my mother often speak of the slaves in her father's family, always with the affectionate regard that a lady and mistress would express for a valued servant. But the race prejudice remained with her to the end of her life. She, with my father, removed to Indiana before my birth, and I have never felt to any great extent the difference between the black and white. Her father owned and operated a distillery, but drank very little. My father was temperate in all things, an early riser, a steady, straightforward gentleman, to be depended upon in time of need and always a true friend in an emergency. These parents, by their simple living and strict attention to the laws of nature, gave a legacy of good health to their children, which is more to be valued than any amount of this world's goods, by the sacrifice of this great boon.

The removal to Indiana was made about the year 1839. They had at this time three children, all boys. My birth on the 18th of April, 1842, was quite an event, as a daughter was much desired in the family. As the years went by, first a sister, then another brother came to join us, making in all six children. My brothers, older by some years, began to spoil the little sister so much beloved, and before she took her

first baby steps, she was ruler of all the house. As years were added, this indulgence continued, till at the age of ten years my parents found it difficult to control or in any great degree guide the self-willed, overbearing child. The boys aided and assisted in every wild prank, which my always active brain could conceive. I could ride or walk, fish, hunt squirrels or birds' nests with any of the boys. I never knew fear in any of these pastimes.

About this time in an endeavor to get a runaway calf into the pasture I fell, injuring my hip slightly, from which I never fully recovered, having one hip raised a little above the other. I felt no inconvenience from this, however.

With my disposition to rule I well understood there were two ways of gaining a point. I never took my own way in disobedience to my parents until every effort of my own and brothers to get their consent to the course I chose to pursue had been exhausted; we coaxed and flattered, we misrepresented the facts, and if all this failed in the attainment of the desired object, we rebelled, taking the consequences of disobedience, or waited to renew the attack at a more favorable opportunity. My faults were hidden. My affectionate nature, good looks and ready wit, made much of by the brother whose constant companion I was, though years older than I, always brought me to the front: no ride was enjoyable without me by his side, no party was too far away for me to attend with him, no weather was too hot or too cold which we could not endure.

About this time I wished to attend a religious meet-

ing with some other young people; it not being a great distance away, my parents consented. But the creek that must be crossed was swollen by recent rains and when we arrived at the bank all decided it unsafe to cross. But I was determined to go, and my brother went of course to accompany me; I got upon my knees in the saddle, he took hold of the bridle and thus we went over that angry water. This was dangerous in the extreme, for the horses had to swim, but what cared I; having started, I should have gone if I had had to swim myself. You can readily see the influence all this indulgence had on a temperament such as mine. I loved to rule, knew nothing of self-control. Friendly and yet so careless of the claims of friendship, partial to the one favored to such a degree that every one else would be as nothing for the time being. Two years and a half of this life brought me to premature womanhood, at least I considered I was old enough to take my affairs into my own hands while I should have been in school and learning at home those things that would do me good in life to come.

I kept company with those older than myself, came and went according to my own sweet will and finally ended the joys of childhood by marriage at the age of fifteen with a boy a few years older than myself. At first I thought it fine to be made much of by my husband. To go from place to place to visit. To be consulted and recognized as attractive young wives are, but unfitted as I was for the responsibilities of married life, it is no wonder that after a short time, as I began to realize all that it meant, to exchange the

childish freedom from care for the never-ending round of duties of a home and family, that I had not escaped from control, but was joined for life to one whose tastes must be consulted, whose will in a great degree must henceforth be law to me, I wished I had waited till the proper age to take on myself vows which must last until the end of life. I did not regret giving myself to my husband, Thomas Lee, but I did regret the haste with which I had entered upon a life for which education and practice had so illy fitted me. However, I made up my mind to do the best I could under the circumstances. We tried living with the parents of my husband, who was patient, loving and kind. Others expected more of me than I was able to perform, but because of his love for and justice to both sides, all serious difficulties were avoided.

To this day I am of the opinion that under no circumstances ought a young married couple try to live with their parents. There are differences of opinion and temperament, habits formed in early life; age and youth are continually interfering with the harmony of the household. The first months of married life are trying at the best. A young wife is sensitive and generally feels her importance, especially if she be young and ignorant. A word spoken without thought or in jest, a whispered conversation misinterpreted, a fancied slight, may rankle and fester and cause a sore very hard to heal and liable to bring about a breech which will be felt all through life. My difficulties, however, were more childish than otherwise and soon faded away under the real goodness of my new parents. I had new sisters, new interests, new

recreations, and a year flew by almost as a dream.

It is now nearly fifty years since we moved into a home of our own, but I remember as yesterday with what a glow of pride and satisfaction I arranged my scanty furniture; how I placed my few dishes on the home-made shelves in such a way as to make the most of them; how delightful it was to be mistress, with no eye to see my faults as housekeeper, or palate to discern my failures as cook; to watch for my young husband's coming and to feel that we were all in all to each other.

One winter we lived in a house of one room, way out on the prairie. It was a cold winter and came on early. Potatoes were very scarce and high and we were so far from market that they would have frozen during transportation, so we had but few. One day I discovered that the potatoes had not been dug in the fall, and with my usual determination decided to have some for dinner. I took an ax to open the ground and cut out great pieces of the soil with the frozen potatoes imbedded therein. I released them from their icy beds by means of cold water, which drew the frost from them, and when cooked we found them but little worse for having lain in earth. I left them in the ground until I desired them to cook, and found them a great addition to our meagre fare.

We each had a gun this winter, and as game was plenty, we never lacked for fresh meat. I would not be left in the house alone, so we helped each other out of doors and in, like the children we were, and enjoyed it, too.

While so happy and care-free, I often felt that I was

not living as I ought. The Spirit of God so wrought upon my heart that I felt I must be ready to meet Him and that I needed special preparation for heaven. I do not think at that time I had any conception of the love of God in giving His dear Son a ransom for me, or in being really saved from sin. But I feared death and the judgment and wished to be prepared for them. My people being Campbellites of course I looked to baptism as the one thing needed and was baptized. I know God touched my heart at this time, but being away from my parents and not associating with people possessing vital piety, knowing but little of God's power to keep, and the comfort of an indwelling Holy Ghost, I soon grieved the Spirit of God away.

Had we always lived alone it would have been so much better. We went again to live with his people. I could not live with them in as quiet way as I desired. My husband loved them of course and could not enter into my feelings, so misunderstandings arose which might have wrecked our mutual faith, and so our happiness, but seeing me unhappy, though he thought it somewhat my fault, he consented to live apart from them. As long as we were in our own home I could be, and bear, anything; but let interference with me or mine be attempted and lo, the old selfwill came out. A real or imaginary injury was soon forgotten, however, and I found much content and comfort with husband and babies. I think on the whole no couple enjoyed life more than we.

WAR TIMES.

In the midst of this ideal life came the Rebellion and the call to loyal and true-hearted men to step out and defend loved ones and home.

It took but a short time for the call to reach Wayne County, Iowa, where we then lived. This is one of the southern counties and so just on the dividing line between the North and South. The political campaign before the election of Lincoln was one never to be forgotten. And as by magic two sides were formed and supported. When the news of the beginning of the war reached us, my husband, with many young acquaintances, took the side of the North and left us almost immediately. These were sad times for us who were left at home. I had two dear boys, Edward, age three, and Charles, one year, to care for, and as I clasped them to my heart I scarcely dared to think I might never behold their father alive again. Only God knows the anxiety of it all. My favorite brother enlisted in the army of the North, against the wishes of our parents and friends, who were naturally Southern sympathizers. With all the able-bodied men in one or the other of the armies we had all we could do to keep the wolf from the door. Leagues and societies were formed for relief of those dear ones gone to the war, and much labor performed for those of our own neighborhood.

I was well and strong and Union to the last heart beat, and had a chance to do some service, being in the front ranks in every enterprise for the maintenance of

those who were left without support. The sick, the poor, and those in trouble were the special objects of my care; being in good circumstances myself, made it easier for me.

My determined will and early training, first with my brothers and afterward as boon companion to my husband, stood me in good stead in these unsettled times, and made commonplace in my experience many circumstances which in a weaker or more fearful woman would have risen almost to the heroic.

The Union League, of which I was captain for some time, did effectual work in those troublous times. I rather enjoyed the hurry and bustle, and hard work was better for me than idle moping.

Four years midst toil and sorrow followed, in the first of which came a message from my parents in the next county that my soldier brother lay sick unto death with spotted fever. I loved this brother above all the others. This was my first real trouble and God to whom I cried mightily heard me and gave him back to me from the very gates of death. Here, too, I found my only sister in great affliction. Her husband had deserted her and left her penniless, and so situated as to health she could not help herself.

Leaving mother to care for my little boys, I faced the circumstances so adverse, and did what I could for us all. Four years passed by. Not long, when every day is filled with labor, and soon my husband was returned to me, shattered in health and courage almost gone. We thought he could not long survive the fearful siege of difficulties which assailed him, but loving care was at last victorious, and he began

to recover in a measure. But he was one of the many young men that lost health in that great struggle, and with it went much of the ambition which had characterized his early manhood. He grew restless and discontented, easily fretted, never satisfied long at a time. His eyes, never strong, had grown worse from the effect of the measles, and one year from the time he returned to us his eyes had closed forever to the beautiful sunshine of this world, and being in total darkness brooding upon the sad fact that the loved faces of wife and children were never to be looked upon again, changed his naturally cheerful disposition into a silent moroseness very hard to bear.

On his return from the war and recovery of a degree of health, we went to live on a farm. In the house, unable to move out, was a sick ex-soldier and wife, who was unfitted in her condition to wait upon him. He soon after died, leaving his young wife and child in our care, and I soon loved this woman so dearly, that I found in her the comfort and encouragement which under other circumstances I would have received from my husband. She was gentle and kind and cared for me so tenderly when my babe was born that she seemed as one of our family. The entire care of the family fell on me. Another child had been born to us, thus making six to provide for.

We had, during his illness and my subsequent trouble, used all our available funds, and when I again found myself unable to work I took my little daughter to mother. He, for the time being, took the three boys to his father, who was abundantly able to care for us all. At this time they advised me to give up my

little ones, told me I would never be able to care for them, but all they said only made me more determined to keep them together and raise them myself. They were mine, and I have kept them with what help he could give me up to this time. The baby, Belle, grew to be the darling and joy of the father's heart. He loved the boys, but Belle was his idol. He waited upon her, and from the time I took her home he could find no fault in her. She was his comfort, and he grew better in her presence, and in time was almost his old, cheerful self again.

He began to think he might yet be of some use in the world. His strength and energy returned and he was very helpful to me in my efforts to be at home with the children and yet find means to keep them comfortable.

ORPHANS' HOME.

As the children grew older I found it more difficult to care for, feed, clothe and keep the older ones in school. We decided to find them a temporary home at the "Soldiers' Orphans' Home," which had been opened at Glenwood, Ia. I took four of them, together with eight other children, and while staying for a day or two with them I obtained a promise from the superintendent, William Hale, that as soon as a vacancy occurred which I could fill I should be sent for. How glad I was when the summons came for me a week later. This necessitated separation from my baby, only one year old. He was too young to be kept in the Home and my mother kept him until such time as I could have him with me again.

My husband found employment about the Home and several years of comparative freedom from anxiety followed. I could be with my children in sickness and see them every day, and contented myself with this. At this place a daughter, Sadie, was born to us, who took hold on my heart as Belle had on her father's. To say she was my idol fails to express one-half of what she was to me, and when God in His mercy, seeing my unfitness for such a charge, took her to Himself, I was for a time bereft of reason.

I rebelled, declaring that there was not a God of love, justice or mercy; but that He did this to show his power. When I found that she was really gone, that I should never see her again in this life, and in the state of mind in which I then was, I had no hope of

meeting her in the life to come, better thoughts came; and there by that little mound I promised to live so that I would meet her again. I had but little idea of the course I must take to attain to this, I was very ignorant of the great plan of salvation; but at this time, had I had the right teaching, I would have given my heart to God and my life to His service. As time went on I grew more reconciled and quite as careless as ever. The little Richard that came to us soon after filled in a measure her place and our removal to Missouri Valley, Ia., caused the sad event to gradually become indistinct.

The children were sent home on the removal of the Home to Davenport, Ia., and I again began the struggle for the necessary things of life. The boys were not yet able to do much, and our family now had eight members. I found many friends, some of whom I heartily wish I had never met. God pity and save other women situated as I was from such friends.

I finally opened a boarding house, and by working early and late managed to exist. We soon tired of the constant responsibility of this place, and moved thence to Omaha, Neb.

Only two years more and I was a widow. My husband had been on a visit to his parents and I was sent for to go to him. I could not leave home at the time, and so sent word to have him brought to me, and the condition he was in on his arrival would make hearts sad that were unused to such a feeling. The whole lower body and limbs were paralyzed into helplessness. He never took another step. He lived some time in this sad state to bemoan his awful fate, tears running

from his sightless eyes at his helpless condition, knowing he must die soon, leaving his young family without means and his wife broken in health and courage. We cared for him in those days as well as possible. No sacrifice was too great for any of us to secure his comfort.

Rev. J. P. Roe was a friend indeed at that time. He was able, by the grace of God, to help our dear patient to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Husband died July 23, 1876.

We took the beloved clay to Glenwood, Ia., and laid it away in a soldier's grave, where, year after year, the flag for which he fought waves over him, and the flowers of May show that he is still appreciated and his memory kept green in the hearts of those that knew that he as much gave his life for the country he so dearly loved as those who died shouting victory on the field and fell there with face to the enemy.

He no more hears the volly fired at each recurring Memorial Day over the nation's honored dead. His ears are closed to the rolling of the drum and the shrill whistle of the fife that call to the minds of his veteran comrades the days of strife and struggle, of bloodshed and death, but he will hear the sound of the trumpet on the resurrection morning and come forth to meet Him who is his Redeemer, and the loved of earth from whom he parted with such reluctance and from whom he has been separated so long.

RENEWED STRUGGLES.

Desolate indeed was that home, but little time could be spent in grief. The income derived from our pension lasted only to the end of my husband's life, as it had been obtained because of the loss of his eyes, and not because of the disease from which he died. We applied for a widow's and children's pension, but delays were unavoidable and meanwhile the wolf must be kept from the door, a shelter provided, and only one inexperienced woman and a young boy to fight the battle. I did not know then, nor for some time after this, anything about the widow's and orphan's God, but in looking back on that terrible time I can see His providence in much that followed.

Father Roe stood by me with his advice and encouraging words, and many doors were opened to me.

J. P. Smith, who came in my direst need, assisted at the funeral, and afterwards became a true and tried friend in all the time that followed.

He had charge of the emigrant trains at the Union depot, and his kindness was not in word only, but in deed and in truth. Very many of these travelers, by the time they reached this "Door to the West," found they had not made provision for so long a journey. Emigrant trains did not move swiftly as they do now, with every appliance for comfort and convenience in transit, and the demand made the necessity for a supply. He spoke to me about it and I could see the opportunity, but my hands were tied for want of means.

This good man trusted me with but little prospect of return. He provided the goods and I began to make shirts, aprons, children's clothes, wrappers, etc. When a train would arrive he would send me word and I would go to sell what I had made. I had a good income from this source, beside this opened the way for other things. I made shirts and overalls for the factories and did tailor work. I was very fortunate in having a mother who taught me to use a needle and the necessity soon gave me the experience to manage for myself.

I sent my little Belle to an asylum for the blind that she might have every attention (for the weakness inherited from her father had become a settled inflammation) and she never knew aught of care before her marriage.

Next came the death of my beloved father after a sickness of only a few days. Oh, the bitterness of it all; but again my heart was softened and I resolved that I would meet him in the heavenly land. God help me. I could not find the Lord, I didn't know how. I thought, situated as I was, I could not live for God.

Again I say, "God help any woman thrown on the world as I was without God's presence with her." Wonder not that so many go down, but that even one is kept under such circumstances.

In course of time the pension applied for immediately after I became widowed, was obtained, and, the boys having grown large enough to work and I more capable, our hard times were made more endurable. All were well and strong except Dickie. He, poor boy, was likely to be a care as long as he lived.

having, soon after his father's death, become afflicted with epilepsy, which physicians say is incurable.

EARLY CONVICTION.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world."—Titus 2:11-12.

This being God's word, must be true, but by experience I found it to be so long ere I knew that it was in the Book, for often when quite young I used to think of death and its consequences to myself if I died in my sins. I very often felt I would surely be lost if I went on in the way I was going. I know at one time I was truly awakened by the Spirit, my evil life passed before me, and a desire to be good for goodness' sake sprang up in my heart. I knew but little of repentance and less of faith, but the grace of God had truly appeared to me and I did the best I could. I felt very badly and truly sorry for all that I had done wrong and began to walk in the best light I had. What teaching I had was after the Campbellite fashion and so I confessed my faith in Jesus as the Savior of men and was baptized in His name.

Oh, what joy and peace, what love and rest fell upon me as I rose from my billowy burial. God, seeing my need and ignorance, had mercy upon me and redeemed his word, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—Jno. 6:37.

I was saved. I knew it then, I know it now, but having no one to teach me how to go on to perfection, I soon lost the precious knowledge of sins forgiven, and to drown all better feelings I went on in sin more deeply as the years went by. Sadie's death made me think. My husband's was a shock, but I could not stop to consider my own case and my heart was well nigh broken when my father was taken from me, after a sickness of only a few days.

At this time I lived on South Eleventh street, and this is where the people of God found me and began to visit me.

I do not know why they ever came the second time only that the love of Christ constrained them; for our house was always filled with tobacco smoke, and New York Ledgers and Weeklies, with novels that were scattered all around, but they did come again and again, especially Mrs. E. D. Furness, who read to me from the Bible, following each reading with earnest prayer for my salvation, and pleaded with me to give my heart to Jesus, the wonderful Savior. I laughed when she was gone. Yet in my inmost soul was a desire to be like her, and I wondered that a sweet Christian woman such as she was should be interested in one like me. After a time I began to see it was for Jesus' sake she came, and though I laughed to scorn the idea of such a salvation for me, I came to believe that she, N. J. Smith, J. P. Smith, who had often spoken to me about my soul when deepest in sin, and others that came to see me, had what they professed to have.

During this time my only sister was called to give

in her earthly account to God. She had not been well for some time, but no danger was apprehended of immediate death. She lay down beside her husband at about 3 a. m. (having been up with a sick child) and fell asleep to wake in eternity. It was enough; God by this means awoke me as never before and I never settled down again. Over and over conscience sounded these awful words, "Suppose it had been you." I knew I was not ready, and I determined to get ready to meet God.

After the death of my husband, my son Charles had sought and found Jesus, but I did not understand it, did not encourage him and he failed. But now Richard, the youngest son, was radically saved and, though but ten years of age, gave such clear evidence of a change of heart that old and young of his acquaintance were obliged to acknowledge the wonderful work God had wrought in him. Now I began to hope there might be such salvation for me; not that I knew altogether what that meant, but a great desire to be better grew in my heart. So God led me step by step, by His providence, by His people, and by His word, sent home to my heart by the Holy Ghost. I well remember the time I resolved in my heart to have this salvation. I had gone (at Dickie's request) to hear Rev M. L. Haney preach at the Tenth street M. E. church. How he did preach; how God did talk to me. My life passed before me, and so black did it seem that for a season I would be utterly discouraged; then, as the man of God told of the love displayed in the sacrifice of His own Son, my heart would melt again and hope revive. So, between hope and fear, I listened. I had

in my pocket the Weekly Story Paper, and having resolved with all my heart to seek the Lord, I burned this on my return home with other trash that made a grand bonfire.

My purpose in life was changed, but change of purpose was not enough for me. My life needed to be changed, not only outside, but inside, and all through.

Many stop here; real Holy Ghost conviction will make people sick of sin and put into hearts desires for better things, but this alone will not save, keep or fit for heaven. My past looked, as days went by, so black I could not rest. The frown of an angry God was continually before me. The cries of the lost rang in my ears, but midst the confusion, darkness and death, the whispers of hope and mercy made themselves heard and I began to believe that God is and that He is the rewarder of all them that diligently seek Him.

CONVERSION.

When a soul gets in real earnest to know the Lord and the heart is open to his voice that soul will surely find the truth of the word, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

I had been moved to attend a Holiness meeting at Mrs. E. D. Furness' house. There I began to seek the Lord in good earnest. So little did I know about these things that all my prayer was, "Oh Lord, if there be such a salvation, and I believe there is, give it to me." Scarcely were the words out of my mouth, ere the Lord came, bringing such a flood of joy, peace, and glory, that those in the room felt the Divine Presence. I sprang to my feet, tears streaming down my face, and with shouts of joy, feeling that God had given me just what I asked Him for. I never doubted this experience, for the evidence of my acceptance with God and adoption into His family was a blessed reality.

Oh, the sweetness of being at peace with God. It was heaven indeed to my soul and as I gave God the glory, the room seemed too small to hold the wonderful creature into which I had been transformed. Praise the Lord forever. This glorious salvation is for just such as I. Bless God, there are no hard cases with Him. Old things had passed away and behold all things had become new. I was saved; saved from the consequences of a life spent in sin. I was the same, yet not the same. You may know that the enemy of all good would not give up so good a servant without

a struggle. But by much prayer and almost constant reading of the word and separating myself as much as possible from my old life, I kept the blessing of God on my heart. My old friends and companions rallied around me, but where sin had abounded grace did much more abound. As evil companions gathered around, the pilgrims drew nearer and nearer. They visited me, had me at their homes, took me with them to church, let me help them in the work of the Lord whenever they could. How they held me up and encouraged me, until I got wisdom enough to see, and grace to walk in the way of life.

They were brothers and sisters indeed, with power from on high. In the very spirit of the Master they go out to seek and to save that which was lost. The Lord kept me in a home full of unsaved three months. Then came the summons, "Be ye separate." How Satan tempted me only God knows. Beer was brought into the house again and again. I was called a fool and fanatic; told I could not keep what God had given me, but in it all I could rejoice and say, "He saves me, He saves me." Glory to God, I could not meet those things with arguments, but only told what He had done for me.

Conviction for a pure heart came at a tent meeting held by Rev. J. N. Bovee, at Omaha. I knew that God saved me, but felt that I was not rid of the old life, and I did so long to be free, perfectly free; I could not realize at first that this great gift was for me, but the command was "Be ye clean" and I soon felt that I might be made clean and whole. I had not yet laid aside my pipe, but the filthy habit of smoking

must be given up, if I wished to be clean. Knowing not the power of God to rid us of all things that would in any way hinder our communion with Him, I felt it was too much. It was an utter impossibility. Again the Lord, through his people, led me. They said, "By His grace you can." Finally I was persuaded to abstain from the use of tobacco for a single week. My promise once given I would not have broken it to save my life and the keeping of it nearly cost me that.

As the days went by I grew weaker and my nerves were in such a state I could not thread a needle, I could not eat and I could not sleep. The effect of the sudden removal of a stimulant I had used for twelve years was more than unaided nature could stand. All this time my hitherto friend, a professor of religion and member of a Christian church, constantly filled her old pipe, seated herself near me, and emptied it at her leisure.

At last one day near the end of the week I grew desperate; leaving my machine, I exclaimed, "I will settle this or die in the attempt!" I crossed the street, reeling with weakness, to the house of the one who had helped me most, who, seeing me coming, hastened to meet me, led me into the parlor and bade me rest, inquiring if I was ill. I felt so faint I could scarcely keep an upright position. My head swam; all grew dark. I did not faint and soon gained strength to tell her that I must be delivered from this terrible appetite for tobacco. She said, "Bless God," and called Miss Mollie Gossard (now the honored wife of Rev. Wilson, chairman in the West Iowa conference) from the adjoining room. "Never mind the work, here is a

soul in need." So these devoted ones laid aside their work and obeyed God, and prayed for and with me until God came in slaying power and the carnal nature was destroyed. I lay for more than three hours under the mighty hand of God, coming back to complete deliverance forever as I firmly believed. Our God knew no half way measure would be sufficient for me, so did a work that made clean soul, body and spirit, blessed be His name.

In this year, 1885, a Free Methodist class was formed, of which I was one of the charter members, and from that time to this I have not touched the filthy weed to smoke it.

DEFINITE CALL.

At one time when I kept a hotel in Missouri Valley, Ia., and saw the sin carried on there I had a feeling, I believe born of the Spirit, that if I lived as I ought I might be able to show some of those lost ones a better way. This only passed through my mind, did not even find lodgment, for what was I to reprove of sin or how could one so blinded lead any one up higher but in making the consecration for a clean heart.

I could see the past and the horrible pit from whence I had been raised. I could see the plane on which I then stood, and the conditions with which I must comply to reach the experience I was seeking. I was, while lying there under the power of God, as fully convinced that my whole future must be given to the

rescue of those fallen outcasts as I have ever been since. How the Spirit laid out my work for me, and the great transformation wrought in my own heart made it more easy for me to say "Yes" to what God required of me. I know that God called me, and the callings of God are without repentance. I questioned not as to how or when or where, realizing that "faithful is he that calleth you who also will do it." I could do but little on this line at first, but attended the camp and other meetings as I could. I studied the word of God much, but depended most on what he had done for me.

I kept free and blest, but my body was in such a state from my former manner of living that it hindered me in my work for souls, and I was soon brought to see that Jesus, the Great Physician, healed today the body as well as the soul. The pilgrims prayed for me, and I at last was able to take Him as my Healer, Bless His name. The healing power went through me, leaving me every whit whole. With this power came faith in God for the body, so that I have been enabled many times since to lay hold on the arm of Jehovah, not only for myself, but others, and many times has this power to heal been displayed, and the prayer of faith has saved the sick. My nephew, sick unto death, was brought to health in answer to prayer. My mother, when visiting with me at my home, was healed of a painful and dangerous gathering on her limb. A child, so deformed in its lower limbs that it could not stand, and had it lived would have been utterly unable to walk, was instantly healed and began from that moment to use its limbs. Bless God! The most mirac-

ulous cure I ever witnessed, however, was that of my son, Richard. He lived saved, from the time of his conversion at ten years of age; amidst all his afflictions he was true, but soon after God called me into the work, I found his sickness stood between me and any work that called me from home.

The time having come when, for Jesus' sake and my soul's best interest, I must have another home, where I could be free to worship God according to the dictates of my own conscience, I made it known and the brethren built me a house on leased ground. I obtained the lumber and soon had a little home of my own where none dared to molest or make afraid. The older boys helped me all they could. Mrs. A. M. Flatbush came to live with me in the new house, and did what she could to help me in temporal and spiritual things, but the peculiar condition of my poor boy kept me filled with almost constant care. I soon came to the conclusion I could be of little use in the work of the Lord under such circumstances, and knowing so much of His power to heal, I prayed earnestly for him. He grew worse, after passing from one fit to another through the night. What a test of faith that was. How Satan did tempt me to think I had made a mistake in thinking God wanted me to do anything but take care of this dear boy. But in it all I stood on the promise of God and in His own good time He answered.

Dickie had been having a hard night until daylight, when he said to us, "I feel as if I had a fit last night." We never told him if we could help it, so I merely said, "You will feel better when you have

breakfast." He cried out, "O, I feel like one now, but I won't, I won't;" from my inmost soul I cried unto God for help and the terrible symptoms passed away without the usual prostration and subsequent exhaustion. As soon as he could speak he said, "I believe God wants to heal me and I will not eat until He does it." He went into the dark corner of the basement and there held on to God till He came in healing power. His brother present begged me to go and bring him in, but I felt that by so doing I should stop the work of God. I kept on praying and soon my faith began to take hold; before he entered the room I was sure the work was done. He came in, his pale face shining with the glory of God, saying, "It is done, mother; I will never have another fit," and praise the Lord forever and forever, he never has. The mighty power of God as manifested in his case is known to many people here where he has spent nearly all his life. From that time to this I was free and commenced to work in earnest for the Lord.

WHERE SHALL WE GO?

Dr. H. Durham and wife, Mrs. E. Watson, and others were associated together in slum work in what is known as the "burnt district," visiting from house to house, leaving tracts, papers, etc. Some fruits were gathered in and much seed sown. But such work is not as effectual as it would be could the rescued ones be gathered into regular places of worship.

I worked on the special line of my calling as opportunities offered. But again much fruit was lost for want of a suitable place to care for these poor lost ones. As I told them of the love of Jesus and His power to save, and how He saved me, some in bitterness and some in real concern would cry out, "But what shall we do? Where should we go? You won't have us in your home with your boys and girls. No respectable home is open to us; should we go to work we will be branded for the past and sent away in disgrace. There is no place on God's foot-stool for a fallen woman."

I remember once, while out to solicit money with which to build the F. M. church, I was directed to a house of ill fame that I was not aware existed. I was accompanied by Mrs. A. M. Flatbush, who stopped outside and prayed, as was her custom when we were soliciting together. The moment I entered the door I realized the character of the place, but with a cry for help I stated my errand. The hollow, mocking laugh that went up from nearly every one of the nine throats in the room would have done credit to the inhabitants

of the lower regions. But my cry had been heard and the presence of God was with me melting my soul with love and pity for these lost souls. They were smoking and drinking. Cards and novels were scattered all about. Closing the door and standing against it, I told them of Jesus and His love. As I proceeded the laugh died away, the scorn faded from the lips, looks of incredulity and wonder took their place. Tears were in some eyes; one said, "You don't mean to say that God can save such as we are, that there is hope either in this world or the one to come for those fallen as low as we are?" Oh, how my heart ached to tell these poor girls to come with me to learn to live for God. But it was as they said, there was no place open to them. They could not do right where they were, so must remain in sin. But from that time we determined to open a place of refuge for just such as these.

A few years of work and suffering for Jesus here, and then Mrs. Dr. Durham was taken from our midst, by the chill hand of death, to her reward. I was with her in her last hours, and it was one of the most blessed seasons of my life; such perfect peace, such resignation, such heavenly patience I never witnessed before. She suffered much, but toward the end her suffering was intense to the last degree. About forty-eight hours ere she breathed her last she roused from a moment of seeming repose and exclaimed, "Close the shutters, I wish never to see this world again; I've seen Jesus, the crystal river, and the boatmen with their silver boats." After this she sank rapidly and soon passed away to meet her Savior in the land where

no pain or parting can ever be. "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his."

Our little band was broken into, we became scattered and each went about his business, keeping on our hearts the burden of prayer for a home for the rescued.

It would do no good to tell of all the discouragements, of how many times precious souls would ask to go with me and get away from the life they were living; but no place was opened and my faith was too weak to trust the Lord for means to open one.

One night at one of the missions a girl was brought to repentance and that faith that brings salvation. After the meeting was over she was asked, "Where will you stay tonight?"

"I do not know, I suppose I will have to go back to where I came from, but I know I can't stay saved there. I will fall before morning."

"You must come with me tonight," the lady missionary said, "and tomorrow we will see what can be done."

They went out together, Father and Mother Van Avery, blessed saints of God, and the one so lately rescued from worse than death. They tried first one place, then another, but no respectable house would take such an one in. Back and forth till two in the morning, then, weary and heartsore from rebuffs and refusals, they finally went to their rooms where their son was in bed, sent him out that the poor lost but redeemed one might have shelter and be kept from the horrible life from which she had been rescued.

Mrs. Flatbush, having removed to Orleans, Neb., to perfect herself in some studies at its excellent sem-

inary, I found a home with Mrs. E. M. Coffey and as her children were quite small and her home quite roomy she told me that I could bring my rescued girls there; and I did make that my headquarters for a while.

One dear girl who is now married came to me there asking shelter and help. Her parents had disowned her. The man who should have protected her from all the world had abused her. Her side was black and blue where the worse than inhuman wretch had driven a buggy, near which she was standing, endeavoring to get him to promise to do her justice, over her. Without warning he struck his horse, which, starting suddenly, threw her to the ground and the wheel went over her, bruising her so badly that for a time her life and that of her innocent unborn babe was despaired of; but praying to die, ashamed to hold up her head, she began to be better.

Have you ever seen in a picture or a dream the faces of our first parents driven out of Eden? or Hagar leaving her home to meet she knew not what in the wilderness? or the horror depicted on the face of a lost one entering the confines of death? If so, you know how Emma looked as she came again to mingle with the household.

As days lengthened into weeks she roused to action for the sake of her precious charge and we could after a time make her see that God had not forsaken her. That He had given her friends and a temporary home and that He cared for her. Step by step she was brought in the arms of love and at last was made to know Him whom to know aright is life eternal. She

left us to hide herself from all who knew her, but returned with her boy, a bright little fellow of two years.

Her life had been one of toil and sacrifice, but honest and upright. She is now a good wife and mother and true woman.

DRUNKEN FATHER, MOTHER AND CHILD.

While resting one fine Sabbath afternoon we heard a great noise and confusion in the street. On looking out we saw a man, woman and child surrounded by street boys and so under the influence of liquor that they could hardly walk. A policeman arrived, before we could get to them, and taking hold of the man ordered him to "Come along." The man was near a lamp-post and throwing his arms about it held on with all his might. The woman, being somewhat sobered by terror, endeavored to get away, but seeing this the officer left the man at the lamp-post and went after the mother and child.

She resisted, begging liberty to go home, and making all sorts of promises for the future. The man of law and order in a hurry to "take in" the trio dragged the poor besotted creature along and finally raised his club to strike. The man, as soon as released, ran away as fast as he could, leaving his wife and little one to whatever fate might overtake them. Before the club could descend I was able to throw myself before the disturber of the peace and saved her from a blow that might have injured her quite severely. The peo-

ple about cried "Shame" and the policeman seeing his rude conduct was unpopular with the crowd wished himself well out of it. He tried to get some one to call "the wagon," but the man having taken "French leave" and the babe being with its mother, no one volunteered. He could not get the woman to go without violence and he dared not use that under the circumstances. We stood there a few minutes and when we were all in better temper I asked if the drunken creature could not come with me. He said, "No, she must come to the station." After a good deal of persuasion I got his permission to take her to the house. I was to keep her there and if she made no more trouble send her home when she got sober.

Mrs. Coffey had never seen a woman drunk and I hardly knew how she would take it, but as we went in she led the way to a bedroom. We put the poor creature to bed midst her maudlin thanks and embraces and turned our attention to the child, a boy about three. He had not said a word or cried, but was so drunk he could not stand or sit upright. We sent the mother home in the evening, sobered and ashamed, but the demon of drink had them in his clutches and hopeless and helpless they went from bad to worse.

ORIGINAL OMAHA RESCUE HOME.
Opened November, 1891, at 403 Bancroft St.

"But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise." I never doubted that God called me to the rescue work or that the way would be opened for me to obey His call, but the waiting seemed long and the enemy tempted me. I had learned many hard lessons and gone through many bitter experiences, but now came ease and a degree of comfort. I had a position as travelling agent for a book firm with a large salary, my widow's pension and no one but myself to look after. I became somewhat careless concerning the work of the Lord, discouragements pressed me hard and I began to think I might as well give up, for God did not care under what difficulties I labored or how much hard-earned fruit was lost for want of a store-house. I can see now that I needed to learn to be true under every circumstance and that in the hard school of unrequited toil and loss I was getting the training that should serve when the real battle was on.

While we were working and waiting in Omaha, God was working in Chicago, and preparing the answer to our prayers. It looked very natural that as our church was without a pastor one should be summoned to fill the pulpit for the year, but let us remember the distance between Omaha and Chicago and that the sister called was unknown to the Elder as well as to all of

us, that she was not even well known in the church, but just a simple soul-burdened hand-maiden of the Lord, looking for something to do to honor Him and for an opportunity to lift Him up as the Redeemer of the lowest of earth. Mrs. L. A. Newberry came filled with fire and zeal, and in the providence of God made her home in the very house we had thought of in past years as a home for the fallen. As she entered the house for the first time she felt the presence of God with her in a peculiar manner, and exclaimed, "God expects to do some marvelous work here."

From that time we prayed, labored, and consulted together to this end. She came in September and before the new year the home received its first inmate, glory be to our God. And thus began the Rescue Home, Fourth and Bancroft streets, Omaha, Neb., on the homestead property of N. J. Smith and wife, the use of which they kindly donated for one year that we might demonstrate whether such a home was desirable and could be sustained without any visible income. They have received but very little remuneration, but have generously let us remain until in this our third year, standing by us nobly in every way.

MRS. L. A. NEWBERRY,
First Superintendent of Omaha Rescue Home.

ORGANIZATION.

January of the following year (1892) steps were taken to put our work before the public in such a manner as to be able to let the friends of the cause know we had an existence, and as we moved forward in this work, it was deemed best to form ourselves into an association. So we organized with proper officers, and incorporated under the state laws of Nebraska, and our papers, our constitution and by-laws, assured us that we as a Rescue Home Association were now prepared to do business in a legal manner.

The officers were not chosen because of their wisdom or any knowledge they might have of routine business, but because of their deep interest in the success of the work, their self-sacrifice and earnestness for the salvation of the most degraded of earth.

These women knew how to prevail with God. There is no such word as fail with them. "God has promised and He will perform" is their motto. You will find that they have, many of them, been identified with rescue work for all these years and one at least has laid down the cross to take the crown which we doubt not is shining with the many stars found in the waste places of earth, ground and polished for the Master's use here, and to shine with Him as long as He shall live.

We had a house of nine rooms without necessary furniture, no money for clothing, food or fuel. But our faith failed not. We felt that God had directed that this work should begin at this time and in this

place. We settled this fact and then went forward. We at home prayed, worked and planned, and wrote letters to interest our friends at a distance. Others visited in the city making our wants known. In a short time the Home began to fill up with the unfortunate ones, for whom it was designed. We only intended to make it a home for those who had none, for the outcasts "with nowhere to go," and any one visiting the Home even in the first year could see that "God was with us."

TRIALS OF FAITH.

We were not always met with encouraging words. Many said, "It is no use, there is no redemption for such as these." But God was the founder and His strong arm upheld it. The report of the first year shows that He is able "to keep that we have committed to His care." The faith we have in Him is not in vain. He supplies all our needs and teaches us how to deal with these dear ones. There were in the home three workers beside myself at first, namely, L. A. Newberry, May Drane, E. M. Coffey.

Two on the inside and two outside, as in days of old we went two and two, and as two agreed can claim the promise we had no fear. You must remember that the support and management of such a place was all new to us and when we turned our attention to this work alone, we were utterly without means and dependent from the very first on the free-will offerings of kind-hearted people. I had a pony and light wagon, and my helper and I would drive to the city market or from store to store collecting all we could, sometimes getting a little money, but mostly living on what we could get given us. We were often in dire straits, but none went really hungry that I know of. Our lives were truly "lives of trust," but work and faith always bring the blessing.

For example: one wet, muddy, disagreeable day I returned to the wagon wherein Sister Coffey was seated to find the tears running down her face, all lit up with glory and praising God. I had been trying

to get her attention, but she was too occupied to see me. I said, "What is the matter?" She said, "Praise God, praise God, we are the king's daughters." "We don't look like it," I said. No, we did not look like daughters of royalty: shoes and clothes wet and muddy, hair disarranged, with our disconsolate looking outfit, but she, with eyes opened by the Spirit, said that we were all glorious within. The white raiment of the saints became apparent and I rejoiced with her that it was true that we were indeed king's daughters, heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ his Son. "Sons and daughters of God," and as such living in His house, eating at his table, being clothed upon with His righteousness. This incident often encouraged me when I was ready to faint. I had been poor, but I never knew real sacrifice till I entered this home.

You that have plenty to eat, drink and wear and a roof to cover you and a bed to lie on perhaps think you are blessed, and so you are, but you miss much. A child raised in luxury, knowing no want, appreciates but little a Father's watchful care, but let trouble or want come and then we are better able to see how much He is to us. So we, having no church or society here, no appropriation, no endowment and no visible means of support in any way, came to rely on God as our all and in all. It is only those that have done this that can know how precious it is to call and get answers direct from heaven. No doubt you have read, "Remarkable Answers to Prayer," but could I recall and record all the times when immediate and abundant answers to our petitions in the Home have been received it would fill a book much larger than this.

My work took me from the Home much of the time, often weary, but feeling all the time in God's order, and He so directed me many times that I saw His hand in it all and hardly ever failed to obtain whatever I attempted to secure for the Home.

I think a few instances of our Father's watchful care over us would not be out of place. We always asked at morning worship for the things we needed. One morning I shall ever remember; we were out of coal, I being unable to raise my head from the pillow, a furious storm was raging, there were two little babes, and I think about ten girls besides the workers. We had enough to cook, but nothing to cook with. No one to turn to for aid. We read our morning lesson and knelt in prayer. God met with us and we felt assured that He would send the coal. None knew of our dire need but our Heavenly Father, and He is not hindered by circumstances. We had scarcely resumed our seats when we saw a gentleman who was much interested in our work, Mr. Dresser, making his way through the blinding storm to the house. Among other good things he said was the statement, "Here are ten dollars my father sent you, and some way I felt I ought to bring it right up." Then we shouted and praised the Lord until Mr. Dresser did not know what to make of it, until we told him it was the direct answer to prayer that filled our hearts with gratitude and our mouths with praise. We knelt again while the brother joined us in thanksgiving. This father and son have done much for us since, but never was gift more opportune.

At another time when I was very busy all day at

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the green house and neglected to go to the store till darkness had set in, I found I must go to town as it was Saturday and we must have something for Sunday. I went and obtained what was needed. That day a lady had visited us and God impressed upon her to give us the money, but she withheld it and told afterward what trouble she got into (and made us some, too), by not obeying.

At another time, having been sick for a number of days, and so many mouths to feed, we saw something must be done. We went, as was our custom, to our Heavenly Father and got the assurance of faith that our need should be supplied. Saturday night came with but food enough for one meal, breakfast. This was eaten. It was Sunday. No good friends could bring us money, we thought, and if they did, we would not buy on that day. He had known our need and for days had been preparing for this, and before noon an express wagon brought us chickens, meat, and money to buy flour with. Again and again has this occurred. The Lord is good; and His mercy endureth forever. At this time we had twenty-one people in the home, sixteen girls, two babies, and three workers. There are many incidents that would be interesting to those who know but little of Home missionary work.

The workers and girls had all things common, and self-denial was the rule for all. One of the workers, being in need of shoes, asked the Lord for them without the knowledge of others. We had several pairs sent us, but the girls, being destitute, must needs be first supplied. One after another tried on a certain pair of good, serviceable ones, but they could not be

made to fit any foot but the one God had sent them for, so prayer was answered and need supplied.

BEFORE THEY CALL I WILL ANSWER.

Late one Saturday evening two of the girls who had learned to "trust for their bread," seeing the urgent and immediate need, knelt together in the dining room and spread out the case before our Father. One of these girls especially disliked cornmeal, could hardly eat it, in fact, but in her earnestness, after having asked for other necessary things, she cried out, "Oh, Lord, even cornmeal. Yes, Lord, send us some cornmeal, anyway, Lord." We always get victory by submission, and these girls went about their evening work satisfied that He that has promised to hear the young ravens when they cry, had heard, and in His own way and time would answer.

Some time after dark two ladies, friends of the Home, knocked, and, on being invited in, came with arms filled with packages. There were just the things prayed for, as well as some needed but not mentioned, and among them the cornmeal. One of the sisters had solicited the things through the day, but as she waited on the corner for a car, she thought she could carry one more package, so ran into a grocery. As she came out the one that was waiting said: "What did you get that for? You don't like it yourself, it is not likely they will, and we had enough to carry, anyway." "I don't know, something said 'cornmeal,' and here it is." You may call it a coincidence, but I call it God's

promise fulfilled. These dear girls, so lately brought to a knowledge of the power of God, gave Him thanks and glory and renewed their vows to be true and live for him.

MUSH FOR BREAKFAST.

We had so few changes that we hailed with delight anything out of the common. We had for breakfast a large platter well heaped with nicely fried mush. On seating herself Sister Newberry exclaimed, "Fish! Is it not nice! Where did we get it?" But a disappointment was in store for her. "It is mush, but we hoped you would like it." "And so I do. How well it is browned, and what a lot. I am sure it is good." And as we returned thanks for all we had we forgot in praise the disappointment and felt content with what our Father saw fit to provide for us.

MRS. E. M. COFFEY.
Fifteen Years Private Secretary for Mother Lee.

PERSONAL SACRIFICE.

Sister Coffey and I were once sent to a meeting in Iowa and told if God should see fit to help us and give us the money we might each have a new dress. We were hardly fit to appear in public, but we were invited to speak, another giving up his place that we might have opportunity. We got only enough above expenses to purchase the goods, but were glad and thankful to make them ourselves. In a day or two after our return we received a letter from a sister who had been present at the meeting, reproving us for our shabby appearance and exhorting us to neatness in dress. Sister C. answered that we felt sorry to come in the way we did, told of our circumstances and the way the Lord had helped us to get the dresses, and hoped we would be able to dress better soon. I was very indignant at her want of sympathy and wondered if she had on the spotless robes of righteousness.

I had a horse when I first went to the Home, and it was very useful, but many times we thought we would have to give him up, for it was next to impossible to feed him properly and we could not bear to see him suffer. We prayed for feed as for other things, but a day came when our faith was sorely tried. We had fed all the cornmeal and hardly knew what to do. Before supper time a brother drove into the yard with his wagon heaped up with bread. Much of this was too stale for food for us, but furnished a real feast for the horse, cow and chickens.

From the very first we needed a cow, but as milk

was not an absolute necessity, we did not feel free to purchase one, and, indeed, we never could get money ahead to do so. We put a notice of this need in our little paper. By chance, or rather by Providence, it fell under the eye of a lady at South Omaha.

"I think it is too bad," she said. "What is too bad?" her husband questioned. "That those poor little babies and sick girls at the Rescue Home have to go without milk. I think they ought to have a cow." "It would not take me long to get them one." "Well, why don't you do it, then?" "All right, I will," and he did. He went to the stock yards—he was in business at the Stock Exchange—asked the men about there for a dollar each till he had sixty dollars, purchased a fine cow and had her driven to the Home. The balance of the money paid the insurance and was sent in direct answer to prayer.

Much more could be written of God's protecting love and constant care over us from the very beginning of this work, even to the present time. He planted this vine and it is growing. His smile warms it, and His presence o'ershadows it.

WHY GIRLS GO WRONG.

The wise mariner, seeing his fellow seamen wrecked upon hidden rocks and treacherous shoals, will endeaver to locate the causes of their calamity and steer clear of the dangers that, unavoided, brought them to grief.

The philanthropist and the reformer who wish to accomplish the greatest amount of good possible will not only reach out the helping hand to the unfortunate and the erring, but by investigation will ascertain what are the things which make necessary their work of charity and reform; and by endeavoring to remove those circumstances and conditions will lessen the necessity for the work of philanthropy and reform in which they are engaged.

The true rescue worker is as much, or more, interested in bringing about a condition, so far as possible, under which there will be less need of rescue work, as in rescuing those who have succumbed to temptation and gone into sin and shame.

Why do girls go wrong? Naturally womankind is modest and virtuous. No woman ever knowingly violated the laws of decorum and modesty without transgressing a God-given instinct. But there are circumstances, there are conditions, there are temptations that entrap and drag downward. While the vast majority rise and live above all these things that would enthrall in sin, there are very many that yield to the evil influences and go down into degradation in this life and into endless woe in the life to come.

The number of women in the United States alone leading lives of shame is variously estimated at from 350,000 to 500,000. What an army of unfortunates! What an awful condition of degradation they represent. Lost to all that is good in this present time and to all that is good in the great hereafter. And, think of it, at one time each of this vast throng of nearly a half million was as innocent and as pure as anybody's sister or anybody's daughter. Of each of them it may be said:

"Once she was pure as the snow, but she fell,
Fell like the snowflakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be tramped, like the filth of the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat.
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die,
Selling her soul to whoever may buy.
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living, yet fearing the dead.
Merciful God! has she fallen so low?
And yet she was once like the beautiful snow.

"Once she was fair as the beautiful snow;
Eyes like its crystals—a heart like its glow;
Once she was loved for her innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charm of her face.
Father, mother, sisters and all,
God and herself she has lost by her fall.
Wickedest wretch that goes shivering by
Takes a wide sweep lest she wander too nigh;
All of her vileness we read, and we know
There's naught that is pure but the beautiful snow."

LETTIE LARKINS,
Our Present Matron.

While there are very many things that be properly charged with being responsible in some degree for this sad condition, the one greatest cause is, no doubt, a lack of proper instruction and training, including a right religious influence. The things most needed are correct and sufficient instruction in social matters, including proper information regarding the dire consequences of the social sin; and, also, such a moral influence and training of the conscience as will cause the individual to shun the sin because of its exceeding sinfulness. If taught to avoid sin only because of its evil consequences, the time will probably come, sooner or later, when the girl will be deceived into believing the evil consequences may be avoidd; and if not fortified with conscientious scruples her downfall is almost certain.

Of the many causes contributing to the ruin of innocent girls in our country may be mentioned:

The 250,000 licensed saloons, beer gardens and wine rooms, with their flood of demoralizing influences. Look upon the liquor saloon in the most favorable light possible, and offer whatever excuses we may for its existence and perpetuation, at the best we can but say that it is the natural ally of the brothel. There may not always be a licensed saloon connected with the brothel, or a house of shame connected with the saloon, but the fact remains that they naturally go hand in hand, and the business of the one creates a demand for the other. In a certain county seat town in Nebraska a vile woman opened a house of ill fame. After a while the people of the town voted to close the saloons, and as a result the woman left, saying

that she could not succeed in her "business" where there were no saloons.

The public dance and dance hall evil. Not all who attend these places are to be branded as impure and licentious. That would be untrue and unjust. Would to God none but that class attended such places. But they give to evil-minded men opportunities to accomplish their hellish designs. As a business man of Nebraska once said: "These low down dances! Fellows will come ten miles to attend them, with only one purpose." We who have charge of rescue homes can tell you something about how often they succeed in accomplishing their purposes.

Starvation wages. Of the 290,000 girls and women, more or less, who work for a living, many of them receive wages entirely inadequate to meet their needs. This, coupled with a desire on their part, or a demand on the part of their employers, to dress beyond their means, causes many women who would otherwise lead virtuous lives to resort to shame that they may secure the money needed to meet these demands.

Seductions under promises of marriage probably cause more girls and young women to start on a downward career than anything else. Wrong public sentiment on some things, and laxity in the enforcement of law for the punishment of offenders is largely responsible for these seductions. Our laws, if rigidly enforced, would not be sufficiently strong against licentiousness, but are too often almost entirely ignored.

Other causes. To the above many other things may be added, such as late hours, impure literature, bad company, unsanitary conditions of food, dress, etc.,

hereditary tendencies and unfavorable environments, many of which could be removed by proper attention from those who ought to be interested in these matters.

INCIDENTS IN RESCUE WORK.

The incidents recorded in these pages are true, none are far-fetched or over-drawn. It would be impossible in many instances to portray the life of sin or the joy of escape from it, but we wish, as far as is possible, to tell of these as real, and to assure our readers that these are every day occurrences. These especial ones are in the past, but every day all around us there are those who need help, those who are in danger, those who have taken the first step on the downward way, those far down, despairing, discouraged, homeless, helpless, betrayed, lost, sinful, degraded it may be, but not beyond mercy and love. It is for such as these that Christ died.

You need not look far if you wish to do rescue work, for you can find them all around you. "You can help to bring them in."

OUR FIRST GIRL.

Leissa was sent to us in the patrol wagon one Saturday night. She preferred coming to us to lying in jail. She had been arrested for stealing a pair of shoes from in front of a store. She was only sixteen, and when sent to us had on her mother's only pair of shoes, much too large for her. She was very poorly dressed, but we fitted her out as well as we could and took her to church with us. In prayer time she stole out and went home with the clothes we had given her.

We had her mother's address, and went next day after the clothing. She wished to come back to us, but said: "I was afraid mamma would see the arrest in the paper and not know where I was. So I came to tell her about it. I would have asked permision, but feared you would not let me go. I will go and stay with you if you will let me." She was an obedient little thing, soon got saved and went to live with her grandparents in one of our small western towns.

L———.

A typical slum girl, but one truly penitent. Betrayed at an early age, by her father, then to escape him married to a man without principle, who sold her in their own home for means to support him in idleness, she drifted down with the tide till at the very bottom.

Sitting at her window looking for the coming of one of the other sex, vile as herself, she heard the voice of singing, then of prayer, then of exhortation. The hymns were those her long since dead mother used to sing. The prayers took her back to that mother's knee. The exhortations, so plain and true, brought to her mind days of innocent childhood, and brought again to her heart a faint hope for a return to the path of virtue.

She knew not how to begin, but knew her first step would take her from that "gate of hell" in which she was living.

She went first to a boarding house, but ere she obtained work her money was gone (she had but very little) and still with the determination to be a good woman she looked for a refuge. She was directed to

the Deaconess' Home and a kind attendant brought her to us.

She was converted soon after and sought a holy heart. When looking over her trunk she found her dresses worn in the haunts of sin, and taking every one of them into the yard set fire to them. One of the sisters thought they might be useful in making cushions or quilts, but no, they were "spotted by the flesh." "They are hateful to me, I wish never to see them more," and so she burned the bridges and destroyed those things that might have tempted her back to the old wayward life.

She afterward went to Iowa and got her child, from whom she had been separated so long, was an acceptable worker in the Home of Redeeming Love and finally married.

MARY.

We received one morning an anonymous letter asking us to come to the rescue of a young girl down on the "bottoms." The statement was made that she was married, but that her husband drank, and when in this condition beat her and mistreated her generally. We called at the address, found things as stated, but as the girl did not choose to leave her home, we could only point her to Christ, pray with and leave her. Not long after we received another note stating that the parties before referred to were not married, that he grew worse and worse, and that unless we took hold of the matter immediately it would be put into the hands of the police. We called again with a policeman, talked long and earnestly with the girl of the shame and sin of such a life, together with the

terrible consequences of the same. We told of all she was losing and what she might gain until she broke down and told us her story.

She was not quite fifteen, lived in this city with her parents and attended school here. Loved the man with whom she lived in spite of all his faults. Expected him to marry her when she left home to live with him.

She dared not return home or let her father know where she was. She said she would like to be good, but had fallen so low that there was no other place for her. We told her of the Home and explained to her the possibilities of the future until she finally consented to go with us. The boy was visited next day by one of the brethren and was informed where Mary was, and invited to church. He accepted the invitation.

God got hold of his heart and saved him. Mary had already been saved at the Home.

They were permitted to meet in the presence of the matron. All differences were adjusted, and a time agreed on for the sacrament of marriage to be performed, the father being made to see that this was the only thing that could be done under the circumstances. The young couple are now housekeeping and we hear no evil report of them. This end was not reached at once, but patience and perseverance brought about the desired results.

KATE.

Kate, a fallen woman in the broadest sense of the word, but repentant, indeed, came to us for advice and help. We kept her some time, pointed her to Jesus, the sinner's friend, saw her happily converted, after which she was ready to take the advice; returned to her husband and two little ones. Visits among us sometimes, seems well and very glad to have found again the path of virtue.

BABY WILLIE.

MINNIE.

Minnie came to us before she was seventeen. She had drifted on until now, about to become a mother. Just drifted into the life she was now living, never thinking where she was being carried until deserted by her seducer, turned penniless from the home he had led her to believe she was to share with him as his wife, she woke to the sad fact that she was lost to friends and home, in no condition to make a living for herself and the little one so soon to come. She was not a bad girl, only a deceived and forsaken one. She was with us three months before her boy was born, the nameless waif that was to bring such comfort to his young mother's aching heart. She began to soften from that day, became docile, teachable, and loving, and though brought up a Catholic embraced Christ as her Saviour. She is still with us, a great help in the Home, and is a living monument of God's saving and keeping power.

M. M.

M. M., a motherless child forced into an unhappy marriage at the age of fourteen. Made a plaything of by the man old enough to have been her father and finally, tired of life, drifted downward till we found her in jail for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. She came to us completely broken in health and spirits. When the spell of despondency was on her she cried and raved and wished herself dead. She would kill

herself, she said. She was jealous, passionate, untruthful and one of the most difficult to control, at the same time good-hearted, and thankful, ready to make amends as soon as the fit was over. By patient love she was brought to see the need of a Savior and finally to accept him as her own; she returned to her father's house, and the last time we heard from her was in a nice letter to one of the workers, in which she stated she is happily married and doing well.

CARRIE.

Carrie fell through her brother-in-law (her sister's husband). Her home was with her sister, her parents being dead. Finding herself in a delicate condition and seeking advice from her sister, she was turned into the streets. Meeting one who had heard of our Home he directed her to it. Her baby was born here and shortly afterward her brother made a home for her, whither she went with her babe. She visits us and is sometimes at the meetings in the Home.

I have heard many times of the departure of the Spirit, or "sinning away the day of grace," but I think I never had such an experience as with Carrie. She went through all the influences of the Home, was often moved to tears as we pleaded with her to give herself to God, refused again and again to yield to be saved. The last time she was at the Home was a time of the most wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The saints were filled and many saved, but Carrie sat like a stone through the most powerful exhortations, seemingly unmoved by prayers and tears. One worker spoke as

she went out, "O, Carrie, yield, give up before it is too late. You will be lost forever." "Don't bother with me any more. I am as much lost as I will ever be. The Spirit has left me and I will never be saved. Goodby. There is no more hope."

So she went out with her precious baby girl to face this wicked world without God and helpless. To live, perhaps, for years knowing that her doom was sealed. Lost, not because she had sinned, but because she would not repent and submit her case to Him who died for her.

MAMIE.

Mamie was brought to us off the "row." She seemed far gone with "cigarette" consumption. She coughed nearly all the time. Her eyes were so nearly blinded she could hardly see, and she was so lame she could hardly walk. She was very nervous and restless, and though we felt she was not able to work she seemed so anxious to do so we knew not how to refuse her. "Give me work; keep me busy. Do not let me have one moment to think. I must work or go mad. I must be so weary at night that I can not keep awake, or I can not answer for myself."

Her bosom friend and companion in sin was sent to the penitentiary while she was with us, and she would not be comforted, but called for Vera and moaned and cried all night. Her loving heart was almost broken, for she felt certain she would not see her friend again. She knew she could not live long, and prison doors had shut between her and her only comfort. He who

has taught us to "weep with those that weep" soon taught us to "rejoice with those that do rejoice," for our precious Mamie, in this time of trouble, "cried unto the Lord," and he heard her. She knew her sins were forgiven and found comfort and hope in Jesus, the friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

I asked her why she had lived such a life so long. "My entrance, of course, was by yielding to temptation in a moment of weakness, and then, when I hated myself and my evil life and wished to escape I found no door open to me. I tried once to give it up. I got a nice place to work (I was not such a wreck then). The people were so kind and the children loved me dearly. I was so grateful and thankful that I did my best to please and was happy. I began to look forward to a future in which I might once more find peace and rest, such as I had not known since my downfall, but vain hope. Man, who had caused my ruin, still pursued me with the determination to do all in his power to prevent my return to an honest, virtuous life.

"It was part of my duty to wait at table. I saw there one I had met in sin. He recognized me, and before leaving told my employer where and under what circumstances he had met me. Of course, after that I was not fit to stay in his house and have the care of his little ones. Oh, Justice, where art thou? He, an honored guest who, had he had the opportunity, would, perhaps, have brought to shame and everlasting disgrace that young girl at his side, as he had many as pure and good as she, while I, his paid companion in sin, was turned into the street to beg,

starve or return to a life I loathe. Separated, I would have given my life to serve.

"God pity us, there is no hope for us here or hereafter. I sank rapidly after this and became the object you see before you."

This girl had reached this depth in three short years, was only twenty years old. Where is her seducer? Must he go free, and she be doomed to a life of frowns and slurs wherever she is known? It is surely no more than justice that they be equally punished.

CORA.

Pretty Cora had much the same experience as the foregoing except, when she endeavored to leave her life of degradation, she was drugged and robbed and brought to us in delirium tremens. I shall never forget the wide open, staring eyes that met mine as I returned from my work in the city one afternoon.

Cora was in bed, held there by the doctor and attendants, hair disheveled, clothing torn and disarranged, the bed covered with pillows tossed about. She would rise suddenly and with a look of fear and horror seek for the reptiles she persisted were in the bed, under the pillow, in her bosom, in her hair, on the floor, everywhere, writhing, twisting, curling about her. A few moments of quiet, and then another of those frenzied times of seeking those horrible creations of her own crazed brain. She finally became so violent as to oblige us to call a policeman to prevent her destroying herself and those around. My pen fails me as I try to depict the awfulness of her state. She

prayed in her delirium, and listening, I knew it was not for the first time. Oh, what a fearful change, from the happy time when she learned to pray at mother's knee.

She recovered her right mind in a few days and then I could see why she was called "Pretty Cora." A beautiful young girl with the bloom of her country home still on her cheek. She was truly penitent, stayed with us until fully recovered, then went to her home. We have not seen her since, but heard of her marriage some time afterward.

LILLIAN.

Do not think we mean all that we meet are ready to leave their lives of sin or all that do come are willing to leave the world altogether and become Christians. Many go again into sin and are lost, but some *do* yield, some *do* submit, some hating sin with all it entails, are saved. Glory to God! Some become good women, living down their mistakes, and become useful and honorable members of society. Amen.

We often hear of the "bird with the broken wing," "the peach without down," and other similar phrases; but if the wing be properly cared for is not the bird as useful in rearing its young and caring for them; aye, may not its very infirmity be helpful inasmuch as by this it is kept more constant and, always being near, more faithful to the young lives dependent on it?

We will allow that the beauty and symmetry of the

fruit is somewhat marred by the removal of its downy covering, but is not the meat just as sweet, the juice just as rich, the aroma as pleasant, the kernel as much alive? Indeed, does it not retain all the essential properties that go to make a useful, if not wholly ornamental, object? We would not willingly or carelessly break a bird's wing or mar the beauty of the peach. We would in every way endeavor to prevent the fall of a young life, but in any of these cases we would do our utmost to bring out of all these the utility and beauty therein remaining. And there is that in an immortal soul, no matter how defiled or polluted the casket, that may be directed and so manipulated as to bring it to the place where the Holy Spirit can reach it; where God can get hold of it, where it will lose its stamp of sin and be made new, stamped with the image of God and made fit to live with him forever.

For example: Lillian, deep in sin, was persuated to come to the Home, was thoroughly saved there, sanctified on the South Omaha camp ground soon after, called of God to work for him in public and fitted by nature, education and the Holy Ghost for such work. She left us to go to Iowa to endeavor to save other unwary feet from entering on the way of death from which God, in His infinite mercy, had saved her. She lived but a short time, but died in the hope of the resurrection of the just.

Oh, the worth of a soul! Who can estimate it, who can measure it?

MAMIE.

Sometimes the Allwise, seeing our frame and knowing that we are dust, sees best to take us from the disgrace and shame, the hard words, the sneers and pain brought to us by our own or another's careless indulgence, and while we grieve over a young life cut off ere it was scarce begun, we rejoice that the enemy of good has no power to further blight or to destroy, that his enmity and malice cannot reach beyond the grave, but that in Jesus we may hope for happiness and such rest as it not known in this world.

Our little Mamie was only a child and so sweet and humble and gentle we all loved her. Her very innocence wrought her ruin, for she trusted and was betrayed. Oh, the pity of it! The human wolves that prey on human victims, that to satiate their bloodthirsty lust lie in wait for the unwary and by their hellish seductions kill the very soul, then pass on without repentance or regret to find another and, it may be, a fairer prey.

Mamie was from one of the most sheltered homes in the land; father to guard her, mother to advise and guide her, older sister to protect her, her name on the church record, a Sunday school scholar, surrounded by friends, heredity and environment all that could be desired; and yet this one so favorably situated was followed and overtaken by a fiend in shape of man and left stranded and despairing.

At an afternoon service she sought and found the Saviour and retained to her last breath the conscious-

ness of His presence. She was reasonably well at the time of her conversion, but died of tonsilitis about two weeks afterward.

She sent loving messages to the dear father and mother. "Tell mamma and papa—that—I love them —and—" her voice failed, but, as the nurse said, "and am going to Jesus," a smile of heavenly radiance lit up that almost angelic countenance. She never spoke again, except to say a few hours after, "I can rest now." Darling, golden-haired, blue-eyed Mamie, she lived a lifetime of sorrow in her fifteen short years, but it was a lifetime at whose end came rest.

After the turmoil and the strife
There comes a blessed rest,
I'll gladly yield this earthly life
To mingle with the blest.

JOSIE, SAVED FROM THE SLUMS.

LEFT TO THEIR IDOLS.

All are not so happy as those I have told you about. God comes to them again and yet again, but they are so indifferent to His claims that, insulted, He at last takes His flight and, like Ephriam of old, they are left alone, being "joined to their idols." I could mention very many of this class, but two or three well known examples will amply illustrate what I wish to say.

LESLIE.

Leslie came to us some time in the winter. She was not very young and abuse had broken her health and spirits. She was good-natured and loyal to her friends. She often spoke of her mother, who was a widow and dependent. I think she must have been a lady and brought up her daughter as one, for Leslie could play and sing well and seemed to know much that can be learned only from such a source.

Knowing her danger, we urged her to find a Refuge in Whom alone is safety, but she put off the day of her salvation, and when strong enough to work thought it best to go to work and so lift from us the burden of her support. We feared for her, but she thought herself strong enough to resist temptation and so she did for a time, but without the strong arm of Jehovah she could not stand against the wily one and soon "returned to her wallowing in the mire."

We read a notice of her death some time ago. It was by poison; her only friend and attendant, a col-

ored man, with whom she lived. Her last chance gone, she cared no longer to live. Hope died and so she dared usher her immortal soul into the presence of one Almighty, whom she had scorned and to whom she had refused to submit. Poor, misguided Leslie! Poor lost one!

OMAHA JACK.

"*Omaha Jack*," a well-known character in this and other cities. We know not from whence she came, but we do know that she was well born. The papers told of her wealth, her beauty, her accomplishments, her position in society in one of our western cities. They told of her gradual downfall through a love of the wine cup, her descent step by step till we found her in the city jail, companion of thieves, drunkards and harlots. She still retained much of her beauty, but the gentleness which lent softness and womanly tenderness to her fine features had given place to hardness, her eyes made to light with joy and pleasure seemed cold and scornful. The perfect lips were not pleasant to see, with that smile of disdain and hate upon them.

She seemed so out of place—that splendid creature—in that narrow cell, with evil companions all about her. We spoke to her of a redeemed future, of a heart and life changed by grace, a return to virtue and by that path to those that loved her; but "not for me, for others, perhaps, but not for me." She would even speak to the younger girls and tell them to "reform" and go with us before they got as low as she, but put off all our earnest entreaties for herself.

She left her place of confinement at the expiration of her sentence, saying: "I'll never come back here," went out to a new carousal, became quarrelsome and was again arrested and taken to the police station, where she shot herself dead before she could be searched.

No wonder you shudder and cast anxious glances at that dear one sheltered at your fireside. No wonder your heart goes out in mighty appeal, "Oh, spare my loved one, keep her from the cursed cup with all its attendant evils, and bring her safely through the trying scenes of girlhood, womanhood and old age."

She fills an unnamed, unhonored grave, from which she must one day come forth to be judged for the deeds done here in the body. Is she alone responsible for the terrible consequences of her step in the way that leads to hell?

IRISH JESS.

We called on *"Irish Jess,"* who lived at the foot of Capitol avenue. This is one of the worst districts in the city. Poverty, with all its attendant evils, is added to drunkenness and debauchery. Here thugs and all sorts of evil-doers find hiding place. Its streets are unsafe, even in the light of day, and in night time hell itself is let loose.

We rapped at one of the very worst of these rickety, broken-down homes, but could get no response. While waiting to consider what to do next, the door suddenly opened and "Jess," the most forlorn object our eyes ever looked upon, confronted us. She was half-

dressed, hair in disorder, eyes red, lips swollen and with great, angry sores on hands, arms, face and neck, voice hoarse and unlike a human voice, coarse and rough and most unpleasant.

"What do you want?" "We came to see you, dear; to see if we could help you." "Ha, ha! What do you want to help me for? Who sent you? I am all right." and she got back into the tumbled bed from which she had risen to let us in, reached for a cigarette and match, which she could not light because of her great trembling. I lit the match and she settled herself comfortably to listen, not too patiently, to what we had to say. After talking for some time we asked if we might pray.

"Pray? What do you want to pray for, what good will it do?" But we knelt to tell Father about his poor, sick, lost child. Our hearts melted in sympathy and love as we realized the havoc sin had made, and that hard heart so buried with all the rubbish and filth of past transgression.

We invited her to go with us, but she exclaimed: "Would that make me what I once was? Would that give me back my purity, my home, my friends?" Her pride was all gone, her heart broken and terror and despair were written on that bloated, blotched, besotted countenance.

"My father was a Baptist minister in Canada. My brothers were good boys. I was all in all to them. I deceived them. I killed my father. I bowed those young heads with wounded love and shame that few experience. Why do you talk to me of repentance, of hope, of return to virtue, of faith in Jesus Christ.

of God and heaven? Could my murdered parent return? Could pride and love again brighten the eyes of those companions of my earliest years? Could I live again those happy days of innocence before the tempter came? In five short years all are gone and you see the nameless, homeless, friendless, hopeless waif. Go, go! I cannot believe. I must reap what I have sown, but it is bitter, more bitter than death."

We left her there to die, with hearts sorrowful, determined to do more for these precious souls for whom Christ died.

MRS. S. E. PERRIGO.
Matron Omaha Rescue Home.

WICHITA RESCUE HOME.

Wichita, Kan.

By this time the Home seemed to be established, not only in the minds of its founders, but also in the city, and was pretty well known in the country round about. We had held meetings in many places and among many people and had been well received everywhere. The paper, "*The Rescue Home,*" was being ably edited and published at the Home. The green house began to be noticed and a number of active workers added to our force. "The Home" was in charge of A. M. Flatbush, superintendent, and S. E. Perrigo, matron, and solicitors having been chosen from the new workers we were left to do the work that we had been directly called to do. As the temporal and mechanical work was lifted off us our hearts and minds were re-enlisted in direct missionary effort. We visited, as at first, the jails, houses of ill-fame, held meetings on street corners, talked and watched and prayed and labored as the way was opened. The Lord went before us and much was accomplished "in His name."

A. M. Flatbush and Ruby Wheeler went up and down on the Iowa side of the river, holding meetings, soliciting money and Home necessities, putting the paper into as many homes as possible, visiting many girls in their homes, and bringing them to the Home.

The work spread all over Iowa and Nebraska. Rev. Lydia A. Newberry, while on a visit to her parents in

MRS. A. M. FLATBUSH,
The Instrument God Used in Mother Lee's Conversion.

Kansas, was invited to hold meetings in various places and with May Drane began to push the good work in that locality. In a short time they felt the great need for a "home" in that state, and the way being opened at Wichita, they sent for me to come to that place to assist them in making the necessary arrangements. Immediately on my arrival a mass meeting was called, an association organized and a constitution adopted, similar to the one in Omaha.

The Lord directed, as before, in all things. The Home given us there was better in every way than our first one; indeed, all was vastly different. In Omaha we began without recognition from the public in any way, just a few of us trusting in the Lord day by day for bread, fire and all the little things that go to make up a life. Our house, small and inconvenient, some of the people of God even looking askance and willing to help only when success was assured, and then none too liberally.

At Wichita all was changed. We were made more than welcome, were counted as "the sent of God" to accomplish a work that many had tried and failed in. The people were ready, aye, more than ready, to put some one at the head of the work there and felt that God had brought about by His providing just the results for which they had prayed and waited.

The building is of brick, containing nearly forty rooms, with closets, halls, baths and all so convenient and nice, there is no lack of room; and we feel humbled when we think of the wonderful manner in which the Lord opened the way that led with all directness to this spot.

The ministers of the various churches and the best business men were pledged in prayer, in effort, in the influence and means in support of this work. The board of managers were men in whose ability and loyalty the people had all confidence. The immediate home force were M. A. Lee, superintendent; May Drane, matron; L. A. Newberry, secretary and treasurer. One year's rent was provided for in advance and we began work.

We had not to go from house to house asking for what we needed, but before we asked He understood and supplied our need. We had turned over to us the furniture of "a home" that had been unable to keep its doors open. The Salvation Army and other individuals came with their offerings until enough had been done to warrant the formal opening of the Home.

It was dedicated and named "The Home of Redeeming Love," with three inmates.

In connecting ourselves with the Wichita work we in no way severed our connection with the work in Omaha. We at first thought to unite the work under one general superintendent, and as "Homes" should be opened in other places annex these, but after consideration thought this not best, so each has remained separate financially and is governed by its own officers under its own constitution, and still united in effort and results. You can readily see there is not much difference in Iowa, Nebraska or Kansas girls, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. The routine work was just the same. Like places to visit, like meetings to hold and like hearts to comfort.

WICHITA LIZZIE.

The Home of Redeeming Love was a little different in its workings from the Omaha Rescue Home. The one at once took up maternity work and was more on the line of preventing a soul going down into deeper sin, though none were denied admittance, no matter how fallen. The other seemed to be more for the rescue of those deep down in sin, beyond every hope of salvation or help, though all were welcomed and cared for with equal willingness.

The two homes are working together with but one end in view, the rescue and redemption of the lost. This Home of Redeeming Love at Wichita, Kansas, being established, new workers began to see that the way had opened for them to obey the calls of God upon them. Anna Carter, Anna Whitman, Miss Webster and Belle Staples were added to the Home force and as they gained experience and insight into the ways of the work we were at liberty to look about us for another open door.

We will mention but few incidents of the work in Wichita, for it is the same everywhere, but we wish to speak of one of our first girls here who was deaf and dumb. She was very lonely at first and homesick, as none of us could use the deaf-mute alphabet. All we taught her we must write, and, of course, could not make her understand very well how much we sympathized with and loved her.

On one of my trips to Omaha I brought back with me Millie, a girl we had had in the Home there. When these two came together a friendship was immediately formed which meant much to the sadly afflicted one.

Millie could talk to her with her fingers as fast as we can talk with our tongues. When she came to seek the Lord Millie helped her into the way. As she prayed and exercised faith we that stood by saw her countenance when light came and peace settled down on her soul. It was like the noonday sun bursting through the clouds. One moment darkness and distress over sins committed against a just God; the next the glorious illumination of the Spirit as He took possession of the soul emptied for His coming. It was wonderful. She could not say one word, but as she lifted her hands and eyes streaming with tears toward heaven, we knew as well as any words could tell that she was forgiven and that she knew it.

She was a true mother to her babe, caring for it with all tenderness till its death, grieving for it as only those can who are cut off as she is from much that could comfort and reconcile other hearts. After the death of her babe her parents received her again into their home. She was so glad to be at home and at peace with them again. Jesus went with her and will keep her from falling.

The Millie spoken of in connection with our deaf-mute came to us first as a child of sixteen. She was a bright, intelligent girl, but depraved beyond her years. Betrayed in her own home at a very early age, she had been blown about into all sorts of places and into all sorts of sin. I had a great deal of sympathy for her and loved her dearly.

In my absence she left the Home and on my return I went to seek her at one of the worst dives in the city. She was not in, but I followed her to a wine room.

I asked if she were in and was told no, but just then she laughed and I knew that I had been misinformed and started for the room in which I had heard the laugh. "You can't go in there; I won't have my customers disturbed," but I paid no attention. I opened the door, but it was pushed to suddenly, catching my arm and almost breaking it, an injury from which I did not recover for many days.

Millie had caught a glimpse of me through the half-open door, and starting to her feet threw herself against the door, which opened with such violence as to cause her to stumble into my arms. "How dare you," she said. "This is Mother Lee, and if you touch her again it will not be well for you." She was like an aroused tigress. I drew her out of that horrible place, and as I was soon to return to Wichita I took her to the Home there.

Here I believe the Lord really saved her from her sins, for the change was very manifest in her life, but in an evil hour the tempter came and again she left us to go back to worse than death. We found her once more, but she wished to go home, and we sent her with hope and prayers that she would be more stable. It is not easy to forget one that has been laid on your heart as this one was on mine, and when I found her living the same sad life in Omaha, I took her again with me to the Home in Kansas City, Kan., and she was one of the girls with us when we took charge of the Florence Crittenton Home in Kansas City, Mo. She stayed with us there, professed to be fully saved and finally came to her home to be married to one who knew all her life, but who, in spite of all her failures,

was willing to give her the shelter of his name and home. We kept her in sight and had no evil report till the day of her death, some years after.

MRS. L. A. NEWBERRY,
Secretary.

MRS. M. B. DRANE,
Treasurer, Rescue Home Association.

THE WORK IN KANSAS CITY.

Meanwhile we pioneers were listening for the voice of God for another opening and waiting his direction in regard to the time of its commencement.

Again, for the third time, was Rev. Lydia A. Newberry the first to see the providential hand, and this time it pointed to Kansas City. She was already there and sent to Wichita for May Drane and to Omaha for myself. Here we found the State Line Mission already established with a number of good slum workers, among whom were Rev. Hutchinson and wife, Rev. Evan Howard and wife, and Richard Lee. We consulted together and decided to open a "home" over the mission room. This home was to be a mission home for both men and women, and was so opened. As in Omaha, the public cared little for this kind of work. We carried on this general home a short time and then formed a Rescue Home association. We had in the meanwhile sent for Mrs. E. M. Coffey, feeling that she would be of some service in the inside of the home, in the Mission Sunday school, etc.

The officers were Rev. Hutchinson, president; M. A. Lee, superintendent; May Drane, solicitor and treasurer; L. A. Newberry, secretary; Mrs. E. M. Howard, matron. This home did not succeed as well as the others. I do not know why. The union at first seemed perfect among the workers, but as time went on and we began to bring it before the public we found that we had been forestalled. A missionary,

Mrs. Charlton Edholm, of the Florence Crittenton Mission and Home Work, had just left the city and subscriptions had already been taken for a home of that name. We hardly knew what to do under the circumstances; as for myself, it was one of the waiting times. I could not walk, the rheumatism was so bad in my limbs. I felt the burden of the work and at the time it did seem hard that after the work was started it could not be carried on as first planned. But God knew best. These days were days of blessing, and I found, as ever, it is well to wait God's time.

As soon as the management of "The Crittenton movement" heard of our intentions and efforts to carry them out, they sent a delegate in the person of E. W. Stewart, to form some plan of amalgamation. We consulted together and finally invited him to one of our association meetings. He showed us how their work began before we came on the ground; how almost impossible it would be for two homes to be supported so near together, and it seemed useless to have two, thus dividing not only the financial support but the influence and effort of the slum missionaries which was none too large if united. We prayed and fasted and consulted about the work for some time, each bearing none but the most friendly relations to the other. We, as an association, could not see it our way to be merged into one that we feared would not carry out in its home management those principles on which the previous homes were founded, "Salvation through Christ the only hope for the fallen."

At last their association offered ours the full charge of the inside of the Home. The inmates were to be

fully controlled in their manner of dress and daily living and in matters of religion. We were to have the right to teach what seemed best to us with these exceptions only: They to name the home; we were pledged never to deny entrance to any white girl, no matter what she had done, and not to admit a colored girl without permission from the president.

This last condition was not in force in our other homes and coming from farther north where there are fewer colored people and less race prejudice, we could not see the need of such a rule, but as we became better acquainted with the girls and saw how they felt about it and hearing that a home for colored girls was being talked of, we thought it might be best at first. Now I began seriously to think of joining the two associations, or, if that could not be done, to give my time to the one that was able to do the greatest good to the greatest number.

The members of our band were three of them ministers in the Free Methodist church, and we were nearly all members of that denomination, and though we never intended our work anywhere to be strictly denominational, we wished to do nothing of which the church could not approve, and some of them feared the worldly element might creep in and defeat our plans for the salvation of the souls we were seeking. It, however, seemed to me the hand of the Lord to relieve us from much of the embarrassment incident to the opening and maintaining a work of this kind. Quite a sum of money was already raised and some of the most able business men pledged to see it go forward. I felt it hard to leave my dear fellow work-

ers, and they could not come with me, but after laying it out before the Lord I decided to take charge as matron of the "Florence Crittenton Mission," Fourth and Main streets, Kansas City, Mo., while the association in Kansas City, Kan., decided to continue a home on that side of the line.

I left the "State Line Mission," taking with me three girls and Mrs. E. M. Coffey (who had been associated with me in the work at Omaha for years), as housekeeper and helper.

The building selected was across the street from the Central police station, and being situated with the houses of ill repute all about it, was well located to do mission and home work.

The building was repaired and modernized, was nicely, even elegantly, furnished, and we took possession February 14, 1896.

The officers at the opening were: E. E. Richardson, president; E. R. Stewart, superintendent; Mrs. Lena Stewart, assistant superintendent; M. A. Lee, matron, with a board that left nothing to be desired. A short time afterward an auxiliary board was organized, composed entirely of ladies whose business it became to assist in every way possible in carrying out the purpose for which the Home had been established.

There were but four inmates at the opening, but the missionaries all over the city began to call and express themselves as glad to know of a refuge for those who desired to leave their lives of sin, and very soon the Home began to fill up, and a mission, where meetings could be held, became a necessity, beside in

this way lost men, as well as lost women, could be reached. The Mission was opened about six weeks after the Home and many owe to this place their rescue from sin and entrance on the way that leads upward toward God and Heaven.

There were at this time known to the police over twenty-five hundred women of ill repute in Kansas City, Mo., alone, beside those of Kansas City, Kan., and the suburban towns of both cities, which would, without doubt, swell the number to three thousand or more. What an army of lost ones! What a pestilence is all about us, bringing in its train the foulest disease and the most horrible of deaths. Think of the murdered little ones, put out of the way that their betrayed, despairing, hopeless mothers may continue lives under circumstances over which, in their ignorance, they had but little control.

Think of the descent from homes of love and purity, first to the palace of sinful pleasure, then, almost unconsciously, slowly then more swiftly down, surely downward to haunts of misery, drunkenness and all evil habits, such vice as but few can realize; still down to a pauper's grave or rest after a leap into the dizzy whirl at the foot of the pier of a near-by bridge. Rest, did I say? Not rest, but a tormenting, burning unrest with souls separated from all good, condemned by their acts to a living death, where God and Heaven with hope and peace can never come.

Mrs. Charlton Edholm, the author of "Traffic in Girls," and Florence Crittenton, missionary, who has done so much for the establishment of these homes all over the United States, visited us about this time and

dedicated the Home and Mission. On this occasion one of the best, most profitable meetings of its kind ever known in the city was held. The mission room was filled with ministers and workers from all over the two cities and the work given an interest and impetus it has never lost.

One testimony given in this meeting has helped me in many times of discouragement since. A young man in the back part of the house arose and, addressing Mrs. Edholm by name said: "You cannot remember me, but I can remember very distinctly the day you visited the jail in far-off California, where I was confined. I had about given up hope of ever being anything but a poor outcast, but your words of hope and encouragement put life into my sore heart, and as you told me of Him that is not above being 'touched with a feeling of our infirmities' I looked away from my poor, miserable, lost self to Him to whom you pointed, and there in that prison cell He met me, pardoned my sins, gave me peace and made a man of me. I have been kept ever since, have been prospered in business and have, by the grace of God given to me, been able to help a little toward the salvation of poor boys as helpless and hopeless as I before Jesus came. God bless you and spare you many years to continue the work to which he has called you for the rescue of the needy girls and boys of the land." As he shook again the hand held out to him in his time of greatest danger there were many faces wet with sympathetic tears, and resolutions were strengthened and new hearts and lives given to the great work for the unredeemed all around us.

The police became interested after a time in the Home and its inmates and gave us much information and kindly helped us in many cases.

It became the resort of the best mission and rescue workers in the country, and they came not to rest, but to work. Dr. and Mr. Saul, Mrs. Flatbush, Ruby Wheeler, May Drane, Rev. Lydia Newberry, Mr. and Mrs. Paul and many other well known slum workers gave good service in the mission, but the most helpful meetings were those conducted by the newly saved ones. The superintendent was always in charge and invitations were given out by him to those whom he saw fit to conduct the service, and as the girls were saved, first one and then another would take the cross and exhort sinners far away from God to come to that dear Savior who had done so much for them.

One dear girl, long lost in the very lowest place a human being can reach, when saved was so baptized with the Spirit of the living God as to cry out mightily to those around her that they were eternally lost, warning, exhorting and inviting, till twenty-one dear souls came forward to seek the Lord, many going away with praises to God in their mouths and with strength from the Almighty to love Him and serve Him.

One night after service was dismissed a little girl, one of the youngest in the Home, spoke to a worker in attendance: "O, come with me! Come quick! My husband is in the congregation. I must speak to him. He must be saved. Come quick before he leaves." She went with the child and found a man of middle age, much the worse for drink, who greeted his young

wife with a "hello," but she threw her arms around his neck and, crying as if her heart would break, begged him to seek the Lord. "The Lord has forgiven me, and I know he will you. Oh, try Him and see." She cried and prayed and pleaded with him thus, till his hard heart melted and he fell on his knees. Then her cry went up to God, "Oh, have him! Forgive him!" The man, all broken and humbled, began to say, "It cannot be, I am too bad. I was so hard on you, Annie." But the saints gathered around, prayed until one so long lost to all good could sing,

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,"

and thus pleading the blood he was brought to see that for him it was shed.

He called next day on the superintendent and made arrangements to take his wife home. She left us next day, we trust to a happier life because of her short experience at the Rescue Home.

One Catholic girl came to us much concerned about the truth of the Catholic or Protestant religion. She was above the average in intelligence and fairly well educated, and had held responsible positions in the convent and other institutions. It was at first difficult for her to fall into the ways of the Home, but when she saw that love ruled she gradually laid aside her prejudice and was glad and happy to do all in her power to assist in any department and became quite a factor in the routine work of the house.

She soon became interested in the meetings at the Mission, and as the Spirit took held of her heart got in terrible trouble. She was proud and self-sufficient

and untaught in the Word. The more she heard of the Protestant religion the more she prayed and studied the Bible, so long neglected, the greater her distress, for in order to receive Christ as manifest in the word of God she must renounce Catholicism, must give up the church on which was heretofore placed all her dependence for happiness in the world to come, and through whose teachings she had hoped to escape the wrath of God. She must give up Mary as an intercessor between her guilty soul and the blessed Son of God, the only intercessor and Savior. Must throw away all superstitions and preconceived ideas of spiritual things.

As the struggle went on she saw first that the church was not infallible. She thought of all she had seen and known in the convent, where she had spent her life from her earliest infancy. With the distinction of this the fundamental principle of this religion of false teaching and still more false living, the whole structure of forms and ceremonies, the fasts and feasts, the penance, the confessional, the beaded prayers, the purchased masses, the purgatory from which the rich, because of their possessions, may escape, but which the poor must suffer, became as a house of cards with no means of protection in this life and no assurance of anything better in the time to come.

Her judgment convinced, she was ready to come to the feet of Jesus, there to pour out all her heart's burden and distress, acknowledging His as the only true church and His blood alone efficacious for the washing away of sin.

How our dear girl was changed. From death and

darkness and bondage to life and light and liberty in the gospel of the Son of God.

It soon came her turn to lead the meeting in the Mission; with fear and trembling, but God, the Holy Ghost, stood by her and filled her mouth according to promise. She told me she hardly knew what she said or whence came the courage to stand before that mixed congregation and tell what God had done for her.

She denounced the Catholic church and warned parents that even young girls were not safe in their schools and nunneries. She and several other girls told me of their seduction in these places, and their fear to expose their seducers in consequence of threatened punishment and excommunication. One of these who gained much influence and loving favor in the Home, who had taken the veil, told of horrors almost beyond belief committed in the name of religion, and although her heresy brought down upon her the curse of the church which she had been taught to reverence above everything else, she took a bold stand for God, telling how He could save one so devoid of all right principle as to profess to be a holy woman when she was one of the vilest of sinners. She told this with all due humility, and only to show the almighty power of the blessed Redeemer.

We have had but comparatively few Roman Catholic girls come among us, for they look to the church to save them at the last and see not the need of a life of chastity and purity.

From this Home God called to the Home Missionary field one soul I wish especially to mention. This

woman was married and had a lovely child, a boy about three years old, but the enemy had entered her home and broken it up. Her child (dearer to her than all else) must be cared for and with this excuse she entered on a life of sin that carried her downward with its relentless tide. She meant only to make a living for herself and a home for her boy, but ere she felt the terrible sting under it all she was in the rapids from which only God can rescue us. She was found by Mrs. E. W. Stewart, a "Helping Hand" worker, through her child, who was one of her charges, and was faithfully warned and almost persuaded to begin a new life, but no home was then opened and the old cry of "Where shall I go?" was again sounded in the ears of her would-be rescuer. No answer being given she went on as before.

She told me she had almost decided to leave this awful life. It had become hateful and intolerable to her. She dressed herself to visit a lady who had often spoken to her about the better way and had manifested some anxiety about her salvation. She had a new dress just finished for parlor use. Throwing her cloak over this she slipped out quietly. She ran a little way up the street to tell the lady how she felt. But O, almost fatal mistake, instead of reproof at the wearing of such a dress anywhere, and especially on the street, and to visit one who "despised the garments spotted by the flesh," the exclamation she met was, "Oh, what a lovely dress! How well you look in it," and like expressions, till all thought of good was gone from her mind. The desire for dress and admiration was reawakened, and her good resolutions overcome by the

words of one whom she looked for help and counsel. Asking for fish she was given a scorpion. And not only that, but her weak faith was shattered and heart hardened, making it more difficult for the Holy Monitor to reach her in the future.

Dear fellow worker, there is no time or place for compromise. Let us be true, for we know not the heart of any, and when an immortal soul is in the balance, it becomes us to be wise in dealing with that soul, lest its blood be found on our skirts.

I praise my God he had designed that life for his service, and after the "Home" was opened Mrs. Stewart persuaded the dear girl to take refuge in it. Her health was much impaired and it was thought best for her to go to a hospital, returning to us much better in soul and body.

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." She had sown to the flesh and the effect of that sowing only God could destroy. She returned to us saved from her sins and walking in the light came to a knowledge of the experience of entire sanctification. This was the necessary fitting, and being fully consecrated God pointed out the way and she became a humble, faithful and efficient member of our band of workers.

She afterward thought it best to live again with her husband, took her child and is happy in her home.

Her life is given to those who, like her, are without hope. She goes every day into the vilest dens of infamy and we feel sure that from these places she has dug out many gems for the Master which shall shine as stars in her crown.

A worker in the Home comes to mind as I write these lines. He was known by many names, and as he filled many places, all suited him. He came from a mission where he was known as "Billy Walker." With us he was "Billy William," "Brother Walker," "Policeman Billy," "Blue-coat," "Hallelujah Policeman," and so on up to "Assistant Superintendent Wm. Walker, Florence Crittenton Home and Mission." The Lord had saved him from tobacco, morphine and drink with all their attendant degradation, from the dance, the saloon, the brothel and all the evil therewith connected. He tried all kinds of "cures," but the blood of Jesus alone was able to reach such sin-sickness as his, and it could and did make a saved man of him in less time than it takes to write it.

His testimonials were with power and did much good. His life, so true and pure, so far above reproach, was more effective than any words could be in bringing sinners to see what God can do if we only yield ourselves to Him. He is still in the Home, doing with his might what his hand finds to do.

Among other workers came Mazie K. Coffey, the child evangelist. With all the freshness of youth and the beauty and innocence of one unspoiled by the world, with the elasticity of spirits and quiet, even temperament that a complete submission to the will of God gives, she filled a place and became a power for good in the Home. We that were older could advise and admonish, but she seemed to at once find her way to the heart. The girls well-nigh worshipped her. "If she, a young girl, so frail, so dependent, so unable

to meet the rough storms of life, can be saved and live for God, so can I," they said.

She came to rest and visit her mother after a winter's evangelical work in Kansas, but her "rest" was in laboring for souls. She, together with Jessie Meeker, a young worker from Omaha, did good and lasting work in the Home. Their lives were a constant reproach to sin. Their profession of holiness was not in word only, but in deed and truth. They were instant in season and out of season. They had the grace of "holding on" and in all their battles with the devil for a soul came off more than victorious "through Him who has loved us and given Himself for us."

Mazie, as we all called her, as soon as her health would permit, took charge of the mission, which was soon crowded, and at nearly every service some were brought to kneel at the foot of the cross.

One night, as the call was given, among other seekers, came a man past middle age, asking the prayers of God's people.

Mazie knelt near, praying and endeavoring to point him to Christ, when suddenly he raised his head with agony depicted in every line of his face, crying out, "Can God save a murderer? I am a murderer; can God save me?" The workers about him were struck dumb. Mazie could not answer; the awfulness of it all kept her silent, but he got his answer from an aged saint (Mre E. Watson). "Yes, O yes, He can save you, you are one of the 'whosoevers'." And God did save. I never saw him again. I have no explanation of his terrible confession, but he is a "whosoever," and he

willed to come, and the Savior, true to His name, met him. Amen! Glory to our God!

Mazie continued in charge of the mission until her marriage and left with the good will and wishes of all on her future.

A TIMELY ESCAPE.

No doubt in a majority of cases the person entering on a course of sinful pleasure is blameable, but Jesus, as He hung on the cross, said to His betrayers, accusers and murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." So through circumstances, discouragement or weakness, many begin a life of which they know little. They do not intend to go so far. Only a little way for love or gain, but soon awake to the fact that they are on an inclined plane, and being carried swiftly on. They have been seen in bad company. They have been known to take a glass of wine. They have been beguiled by a friend(?) to a disreputable dance. They have gone to take a ride and by evil intent kept out so late as to feel condemned. While nothing criminal can be laid to their charge, circumstances are against them and they fear to hold up their heads among their schoolmates or other young associates.

Many girls who have given years of their lives to the interest of their employers find themselves supplanted by those younger, more attractive and perhaps more capable.

They know but little of the world and little of other work than that to which they have been accustomed, and find themselves adrift, with age creeping on and health impaired, and as they look about them, seeing others of their age in happy homes of their own, discouragement takes hold on them, and sore hearts ac-

cept the semblance of love and protection as real, little thinking of all the attendant evils following in their train. Such an one is this true sketch..

She was some over thirty years old, a stenographer in a far southern city. Losing her place, through no fault of her own, she tried all she knew to find another situation at her usual occupation, but tried in vain. She finally obtained a position as a cloak model, a hard place for a gentle, retiring lady to be placed in; but the pay was so small that she could not live on it and, seeing her small savings decreasing rapidly, took the remnant and started for distant Chicago, hoping that in Kansas City she could surely find something to do to earn enough to take her on to her destination. She tried faithfully but unsuccessfully. Finding her purse empty, and being a stranger in a strange city, with not one friend on whom to depend in this time of greatest need, she sat down and deliberately determined to enter, for a time, a place where she could sell herself for the means of living, and in a short time get the money to go to her relatives. Pursuant to this resolution she made application at and was admitted to a "first-class" house in the city.

She was provided with a good meal, of which she stood much in need, was shown to a nice room and given nice, suitable clothing in which to appear before the guests of the place. She dressed herself in the garments provided, and when ready to go down looked into the glass to see if her appearance would meet with the approval of her employer. It was the first time she had ever seen the dress of the harlot, and her reflection so arrayed struck terror and shame to

her heart. The indecent exposure of neck and arms, the feet and ankles uncovered but for the nearly transparent lace stockings and low-cut, high-heeled slippers, the dress worn only by those whose "feet take hold on hell," had no beauty in her eyes. What if the apology for a dress was of shimmering satin, the dainty underwear of finest linen and lace, the stockings of silk and the tiny slippers the finest patent leather, a mighty revulsion of feeling came over her and all these, even life itself, became of little worth when compared with virtue and honor. The poor, friendless creature was shocked out of her despair and hastily casting aside her fanciful dress and donning her own plain garments, she fell on her knees to ask the pardon of God, to thank Him for saving her from ruin and to beseech his help, and guidance for the future. She determined to leave this place she had entered so willingly so short a time before. She found the door fastened, but the woman in charge came immediately to conduct her down stairs, and was much surprised to find her dressed, ready to go out.

"Not dressed yet? You will have to hurry. It is time to go down."

"I am not going down. I am going out."

"Going out! O, no."

"Yes, I must."

"But you wished to come. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I know all you say is true, but I cannot stay. I never did anything wrong and I must find some other way. I would rather die than stay here."

"Ah, yes, I see," sneered the other. "You are too good to associate with me, too nice to dress as I do, too virtuous to do as I do. Bah, you will get over all that. I felt as you do once."

"Please let me pass. I do not mean to make you angry or disparage you in any way, but please let me go now."

But the woman was angry to see so "taking" a party slip out of her clutches, and barred the way, making escape impossible.

"Going out! indeed you're not! What will you do with your clothes? Can you pay for your supper?"

"I have no clothes."

"No clothes! What are these on the bed? The shoes and stockings and all must be paid for before you leave this house."

"I do not want them. I will never wish to wear them. I will have to be indebted to you for my supper, but I will pay for it as soon as I am able."

"Not one step do you go; not one step. I have engaged you as an inmate of this house, and you will stay. Go, indeed! I would like to see myself." And the scornful "Ha! ha!" was lost in the slam of the door and the key turning in the lock.

A prisoner and in the power of that fiend in form of woman.

Not so. That agonized cry had been heard, and the arms of Him who has said, "Lo, I am with you alway," are around His repentant child.

She rested but little that night, for fear and the sounds of revelry which came from below, but toward morning she became calm and cast about in her mind

how to escape from that prison palace. Very early she was able to attract the attention of a watchman, who notified the police, and she was immediately released and directed to the Florence Crittenton Home. She was entertained for a few days, that her nerves might return to their normal state, then sent on with thankfulness that He who hears the young ravens when they cry had heard her and delivered her out of the fowler's snare, and kept her in honor and purity.

It was a fearful risk. Not many are so fortunate.

AN EXCITING MIDNIGHT CALL.

Mrs. Stewart opened the door one day to a beautiful lady, whom she had met in one of her visits. She had invited her to call and obtained her promise some time before this that she would do so. I speak advisedly when I say "lady." She was not only beautiful with brown hair and lovely brown eyes, dressed in a modest and becoming manner, skin smooth and white and figure perfect, but the ease of manner and absence of all vulgar curiosity proved her a lady born and bred. I expected her to call, but I was surprised and to this day am filled with wonder at the difference of what she seemed to me then and what she proved to be not long after. Her dress was rich and elegant, her manners quiet and modest. I could hardly believe after all my experience with such ones that she came directly from Mable Heath's, one of the worst gilded hells in the city, but such was the awful fact.

Not long after her call, after midnight one night, we heard the bell touch sharply. Mrs. Coffey, who answered the bell at night, went immediately to answer the ring, but fearing trouble I called her to wait a moment, hastily threw on a wrapper and slippers, and went with her. We found a messenger there with a note. It was written on part of an envelope with the address torn off. This is the message:

"Mother Lee, come with the man that brings this note. Come as quick as you can, for I am so sick. I fear I will die."

The scrawl looked as if written in great haste and

with a trembling hand, signed with only a given name that we did not recognize.

What should we do? We must go with a strange cabman to a place of which we were not to ask the address and at 1 o'clock in the morning. We questioned the man, but he had his instructions and would say nothing. We were the only workers in the Home that night, so one of us must stay. We consulted together and proposed to take a policeman and go, but the messenger refused to take us in that case. Finally we told him to go get the address and name of the person sending and one of us would go.

We went to get ready. But before reaching our rooms the bell gave a peal that could be heard all over the house and we hastened once more to the door. My pen fails me and my heart well nigh stops its beating as I try to tell what we saw there. It was in the semblance of woman, but in semblance only. Leaning there against the wall, partially supported by the cabman, was a half-clad, disheveled form, blear-eyed and trembling, drunken and well nigh dead. This was the girl that sent the message. I brought her up. She was in the cab all the time. We answered not a word, but were almost struck dumb; we told the cabman he could go after we were assured by him that he had his pay. It took us both to get her into the parlor, where I left her with Mrs. Coffey while I got something to strengthen and quiet her nerves.

No sooner was she seated than she began to cry and wring her hands.

"Oh, what have I done! What will become of me!"

The attendant became alarmed at her pale face and

fearing she had taken poison took her in her arms, trying to quiet her and urging her to tell her all about it so that she could summon help, but she grew worse and became almost rigid in her distress. Just as I returned she called out:

"I am drunk; let me alone."

On returning to the room surprise and horror overcame me for, having had her hat and jacket removed, I recognized the lady caller of a few weeks before. Could this stricken one, clad only in a shabby black wrapper over her gown and slippers, really be that other? We soon recovered our self-possession, however, and asking no question and without one word of reproof, we ministered to this our sister until she was sufficiently restored to be gotten upstairs to bed.

Oh, the horror of that night. I shall never forget it. "Don't leave me alone, I'll die, I'll die!" then moans and cursings and prayers all mixed together, forgetfulness for a few moments, then cries and groans and expression of the most abject fear. I never left her a moment all night and for days felt the effect of the strain on my nerves. It was three days before she could be left alone, but one of the other girls took charge of her at night, calling us only when necessary.

She sent for me when able to talk and told me how she came to us in the condition in which she was. She had decided when she rose in the morning to come to us that day and in confidence told one of her companions who carried the fact to the landlady. She was too fine a girl to lose and she immediately took steps to keep her in the house. She locked up her clothes,

sent for a friend of hers in the shape of a man, but without one principle of manhood, and between them they filled her with liquor, some of it drugged, and when, in spite of this, she would come he took her to ride for fear she would make a fuss and raise the police; but for all her condition she was too smart for them and as he left her for a moment to get a drink, for which she had asked, she left that cab and getting into another was driven with all haste to the Home.

She came down in a few days to mingle with us and soon became interested in the Home and its inmates. She was soundly converted to God, and knowing the houses frequented and kept up by women of her class, became a great help in seeking them out. The house from which she came was entirely broken up and the eight girls all became inmates of the Home. The madam was glad. She told me she wanted no Christian girls to come back to her place, for they were spoiled for her when we once got hold of them. They would sing hymns and tell of the times they had there till others would wish to go there and those gone back in sin became agents in the hand of the Lord to bring their fallen companions to a sense of their shame and created a desire to leave it all and become good and true.

The landlady of this house had many fine qualities, but in the way of business she was hard as stone. She never allowed a girl to get free from debt, but if by any chance such a thing were about to happen, she imposed such fines and compelled them to dress in such a manner that all they could possibly earn could not meet their expenses. Our girl's trunk with all her

beautiful and expensive clothing was gone, but while she grieved over this, we felt that she was better without them and truly as she recovered her health and spirits and began to find her satisfaction in the things that perish not, she became reconciled to the simple dress of the saints. How lovely she looked as she stood at the Mission door, night after night, handing each that entered a book or card from which to sing, giving a word of encouragement here and a smile there, often stepping out to invite some hesitating, fearful one into the light and warmth. She labored for a few years and then went home to the heavenly city to join her babe gone before, for this girl I have told you of was one of the betrayed ones who for baby's sake continued a life of sin that might, except for God's love and mercy, have brought her to death and everlasting separation from the precious innocent so soon taken out of this wicked world.

AN HYSTERICAL GIRL IN THE HOME.

As we were sitting quietly late one evening we heard a fearful scream and "Mother Lee, Mother Lee, come quick, she is killing me!" There was terror in the cry and hastening to the room from which the call came we discovered two girls struggling on the bed. We separated them and then found out the trouble.

One had gone into the room of the other to visit a short time before retiring. They had been talking pleasantly till the one in bed had expressed a doubt of the truth of what the other had said, when in an instant she sprang on her like a tigress and taking her at a disadvantage scratched and bit and pounded her, desisting only when she was forced to do so. I hope I may never witness another such a scene. She stood defiant, face colorless, eyes shining with hate and anger. I shudder even now as I recall the blasphemous imprecations that poured from the lips of that maddened girl. I sent the other girls out of the room, then tried to pacify her, but she swore and screamed and used the most vulgar and violent language, meanwhile dressing herself to go out. I tried every means in my power but compulsion, which we never use, and when all failed, told her I had promised the police I would send them word if she attempted to leave, but she cursed them and said she did not care.

Mrs. Stewart, much alarmed and unused to such

scenes, ran across the street to the station and two policemen were with us in a moment. Mamie weakened at their appearance. She fell at their feet and began to weep and pray and beg me not to let her go to the station. She made all kinds of promises, but when I asked her if she would go upstairs and to bed and behave herself, she screamed, "No, no! I won't. I am afraid," and appealed to Mrs. Coffey to help her. "If I go with you will you go quietly?" "Yes, I will go anywhere, only do not leave me alone." I thought this not best. She wished to have her own way, but it was my business to make conditions. "Will you do just as I wish? Will you obey me?" But not till she had been commanded by the officer to "stop her noise and come along," did she break down and promise to be obedient and do as she was told. The officer said, "Send for me if you need me," and went away, leaving a very different person from the little whirlwind he found when he came.

She was so completely conquered that I gave permission for any one who wished to go with her, but she clung to Mrs. Coffey, sobbing and begging her to go with her, and finally I consented and she got her to bed. After some time she became quiet and consented to be left alone and the trouble was over for the time. The girl was hysterical and for the time insane. I found afterward she was subject to these spells not only of anger, but at times she would laugh, cry or sing at the top of her voice and at times under the influence of any violent emotion would fall helpless, though perfectly sensible to all that was going on around her.

She was one of the sweetest girls in the Home when right, but she was a subject for patience and pity.

The disease yielded in some measure to treatment, but she never got where she could be trusted. She would seem all right for weeks and then with little provocation go off into paroxyms even more violent than their predecessors.

Dissipation, tobacco and drink had so undermined a constitution never strong that her mind never regained its balance.

A COUNTRY GIRL IN THE CITY.

Looking out on Fourth street one Sunday we saw a young girl go into the police station and in a few moments we received a message asking us to come over. When there we found the girl without shelter. She was under age, not yet sixteen, and in a delicate condition. One house of ill-fame after another had tried to keep her, but her age debarred her entrance as an inmate of such a place and through her the landladies got into trouble with the authorities.

She was sent to the "Home of the Good Shepherd." Escaped by means of the sheets on her bed from the second-story window, she scaled the high fence, begged a hat and car fare and was back at her old place in the morning. The madam would keep her so long as she could keep it quiet and she was able to "do business," but turned her over to the police as soon as she could not keep her place among the other girls.

We brought her to the Home. How glad and thankful she was. She had a lovely disposition and a heart responsive to love and care. She found Jesus one night at the Mission and when asked if she ever felt so happy before, said: "Yes, ma'am, when I was saved before." She was a backslider, a country girl coming to the city to hide from her father. She had no mother. She need not have done it for her lover (who should have been her husband) was nearly distracted about her and searched for her far and near. He was only a boy and did not dare to tell of her trouble till he had found her.

She returned from the hospital with her babe, but was soon to leave us, for the young father soon discovered them and came to call on them. A marriage was arranged and solemnized in the Home parlor, the boy's mother being present and reconciled to the match.

How happy they seemed; how fond of each other and the darling babe. She is again in her father's house and he with the reunited lovers makes a happy family.

A CHANGE AT THE HOME.

A change came to the Home about this time, its superintendent leaving us for a field in Texas. We got on for a time without one and then B. Frank Butts was appointed to fill the vacancy. His wife came with him as home evangelist.

He was a fine singer, but knew little of the power of God in the heart and life. He had will power, a fine personality, and made a good appearance, but he was one of those who lacked the great essential, the baptism of the Spirit and as in any work for God we must have Him, we soon saw a falling off in attendance. Singing is all right, "go through" is all right, but it takes more than these to reach those to be reached in such missions.

We could not assert our liberty in the Lord or teach as our consciences dictated. This brought division and "a house divided against itself cannot stand." Feeling that this avenue of usefulness was closed against us, we entered the first open door.

BABY HOYE.

THE MOTHER LEE'S WAIFS' HOME.

For some time the police matron had been bringing before me the need for a home where babes and children could be cared for. The object was not to raise them in this home, but it was to be merely a temporary home where they could be sheltered and protected until the police or others could make arrangements for their disposition. I thought in such a home as this I could benefit many young mothers and so keep a hold on the work I felt called to do, and at the same time make a home for the poor, forsaken waifs of that large and wicked city.

The "Mother Lee's Waifs' Home" was opened October 12, 1896, at 921 Garfield avenue, Kansas City, Mo. The name is suggestive of the object for which the Home was opened, namely, to care for and find homes for the friendless and homeless and to assist those that are willing but unable to support their little ones. Children left on doorsteps, in alleys, on river banks, in parks and depots were brought here to die or live as the case might be. I think that the nine months in this place are the most unhappy ones of my life since the Lord saved me, for "the gifts and callings of God are without repentance." God called me to rescue work and gifts bestowed on me fitted me for that work alone. Waifs' homes are needed. There are none too many of homes in which our little ones can be sheltered or kept. I wish there were many more, but I am not the one to have charge of such

and my experiences in this Home were anything but pleasant.

We had many interesting cases and a few of them might open the eyes of some to the need of greater watchfulness and more sympathy for the mothers of these forsaken little ones.

Our first babe, "Little Jim," was found soon after birth on the doorstep of a poor family with six children of their own, one of which was not a month old. He was not dressed, simply being wrapped about with a worn shawl. He had been attended by a physician, but was evidently disposed of as soon as the doctor departed. Finger marks were on the small throat and the eyes were starting from their sockets. We could not tell whether he was white or colored for some weeks. A pitiable object, indeed. We never knew the circumstances of his desertion, but felt sorry that so heartless a creature lived as the one who left him there to die.

We had one sweet little girl picked up on the river bank. She lived but a few days. Her face was burnt and her eyes nearly out with the heat and crying. Another baby girl found on a doorstep was given a nice home in the country. A babe left in the depot was inquired for by her grand parents. The poor mother had died, confessing her sin and asking her sorrowing parents to find and care for her child. The police matron had found a home for it and we sent them to her, hoping they might raise the child of their lost daughter, to be a comfort to them in their declining years.

We had in the nine months of our work there eigh-

ty-nine children, all under five years of age. Indian, negro and white were cared for. Many were diseased from their birth. Some feeble-minded because of the mother's efforts to rid herself from the consequences of her misdoing. The knowledge gained in this Home has fired my soul in the direction of the rescue of the terrified, despairing, crazed mothers.

I have known hundreds of unfortunate girls and but one whose heart was hard toward her little one—I think her mind must have been unbalanced, for she blamed her innocent child for all her pain and trouble and had she not been prevented would have slain it as soon as it was born. Poor little blind darling—the most to be pitied of all waifs. In a few months she knew my step and when I spoke begged the best she knew how to be taken up. I learned to love the sweet face with its rings of yellow hair, and dimpled smile, but God was merciful to her and took her to His beautiful home before she was old enough to miss the sunshine or to grieve for a mother's love.

We had several rooms used for a private hospital while here, and one morning before I was up a young girl who had been sent by a nearby physician was admitted and told to wait till I was ready to see her. As I seated myself and tried to find out who she was and where she came from, she rose and emptied a handkerchief into my lap. "Here is all the money I have. I don't know if that will be enough. My name is Madge. I came from a little town out here. I did not know what to do. I hope you will keep me. The doctor will be over soon to see about it." And so she rattled on. "Where did you get this money?" "He

got it." "He? Who is he, and where did he get all these small pieces of money?" "He got them out of the drawer in the store. We had $37.00, but of course we had to pay our fare and get breakfast and some other little things. He has gone on, but I will stay with you a while and then go home again." "How old are you?" "I'm sixteen and he is eighteen. We live in the same town. I go to visit at his home often." "How did you get into this trouble?" "Oh, I have always known him and I didn't think this would happen. I never thought, you see."

I found they had spent about $10.00 of the money stolen. I put the balance of it away and told the girl to go up and rest. I wished to see the doctor alone.

He soon came, confirmed all that had been told me, and also that he had, in answer to a telegram, been authorized by the father of the boy to do all he could for them and he would settle the bill. I could see as as we got better acquainted with the child that she was used to a refined life. She was well brought up, belonged to the Christian Endeavor, and was good, but somewhat thoughtless.

As I write, I wonder if mothers and fathers reading this will think it possible for the young playmates and friends of their children to do them harm. Our children must have company and must go out, but we should have a care with whom they go and where. There is not much danger in a crowd, or even a few children getting together for play, but when we see a boy or girl show preference for a child of the opposite sex we need to take warning and keep such an one near us. We cannot shut our doors to the children of

our friends, but we may time their visits so that we help to entertain them. We all despise "nagging" and continual watching and reproof, but there must be a happy medium between this galling surveillance and the carelessness or indifference that brings in its train so much sorrow and shame.

Many a one whose life lies bright and useful before them sees that life ruined and its prospects blighted because of the failure of the word being spoken that shall inform them in time of their danger.

"Queen Marquerite," one of the loveliest babes I ever knew, was sent to us by the humane officer, who had taken her from a house of ill-fame. She was about seven months old, with brown wavy hair and brown eyes that appealed directly to the heart. She cried and was so frightened that after thirty-six hours of trying to comfort and quiet her I laid her on the bed in an alcove off the nursery. It was somewhat dark and she was not disturbed by the other children. It was an experiment, but proved successful. She slept several hours and then ate and slept again. I moved her crib into this place and had no more trouble with her, and she soon became accustomed to the noise and company about her.

I mentioned these facts to the police matron, who was much interested in her. "Of course," she said, "that is what she is used to. We found her in a dark room, back of the other rooms, where her noise would not disturb the company, and they told me she would be days without food or care, her inhuman mother being off to other places." In a couple of months her head and neck began to break out in pimples which

spread into great putrifying sores. We tried the usual remedies, then called a doctor. He told us our "Queen" was suffering with a veneral disease from contact with virus on towels or something of the kind. The disease was not hereditary and could be made to yield to treatment. How that little thing suffered no words can express, but in six weeks we began to see some improvement. When at the worst stage we could press gently under one ear and the pus would move and flow out on the opposite side of the head. Two hours and a half were frequently consumed by the doctor and nurse in cleansing that little head and neck. She had no sores on her face, but the beautiful hair had to be cut away and a cap put on to protect the pillow. She improved rapidly after we got control of the disease, and soon became her own bright, merry self.

As I looked at that innocent one I remember who has said, "The sins of the father shall be visited on the children." What a terrible heritage. God is not mocked. Sowing to self we give to our children a harvest which can grow from this seed alone. "When lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin: and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death." And what a death! It seems sometimes it would be better for all concerned could death overtake the participants in a sinful act at the time of its commission. But God is full of mercy and not willing that any shall perish, and gives opportunity for repentance.

Little Haidee, the "doctor's pet," was brought to the Home one morning at 2 o'clock. A carriage drove up from which alighted a young woman with a

child held closely in her arms. "Hurry up now," came from the cab as she came up the walk. I admitted her. She laid the child on my lap, at the same time falling on her knees and burying her face in its clothing. I could not hear what she said, but knew she was grieving at the parting from her child. "Be good to it and keep it. I will come for it. Yes, I will surely come for it." Tears choked her and her whole frame was shaken with sobs. "O, baby, baby, how can I give you up?"

By this time an elderly man came into the hall. "What is the matter with you? Why don't you come? Come along and don't make a fool of yourself." The girl started, took one last look and left a last kiss on that most beautiful face and went blindly out. There was some money left with the child, who soon became the pet of the doctor in charge, who gave her her name and, had I felt at liberty to give her up, would have taken her for his own. Days and months passed and vainly I looked for the mother of little Haidee to claim her. I felt sure she had not deserted her and that she would come for her darling as soon as she could.

One morning as we were dressing the babe for the day she went into a spasm and though the doctor, who was hastily summoned, did all in his power for his loved charge, she breathed her last in one short hour. We put away the clothes in which she came to us, so great was our faith in that young mother's love.

Haidee had been dead about two months when a young man called to inquire after her. He gave the date of her birth, the day of her entrance at the Home

and her mother's name. "Why do you inquire for her? Why did not her mother come as she promised? Who are you?" "I am the child's father, and will take her to mother. Please let me see her. We have been nearly crazed about our babe. We were married yesterday and we can't get on without her." "We had such a child. We tried to keep her, but—" "Where is she? What did you do with her?" "I would never have parted with her, but she died." "Not dead! How can I tell her mother she is dead? I cannot believe it. My baby that I never was allowed to see! Disposed of without my knowledge or consent. Are you sure? May it not have been some other child that died?"

The records were brought and the clothes that came with the babe. "This is the cloak my wife told me about and this is her description and date of entrance. It must be true," and this strong young man broke down and wept for the loss of the child he had never known, born out of wedlock of the woman who should have been his wife.

He went back to the waiting, anxious mother with the cloak of their lost darling. She was not satisfied, but came next day, looked up the date of death and place of burial, satisfied herself of their truth and returned to thank us for love and care given before and after death. We asked no questions, but baby's friends were her friends and she told us her story.

"I became acquainted with the man who is now my husband. We loved each other truly, but my father objected to him as a husband for me. I was under age and could not marry without his consent. We thought

it hard and as we continued to meet and seeing no valid reason why we might not marry, as he was able to support me, and was sober and industrious, we drifted into relations that are sinful, and for which I offer no excuse. We went to my father, confessed our sin, and begged his consent to our marriage; but with curses he denied it and would keep and care for me only on condition that we consented not to see or communicate with each other. What could I do but consent to his conditions? God only knows what that parting meant to me. My babe fatherless, myself an outcast, but we had vowed to be true to each other and to marry as soon as I became of age, which would be in less than eighteen months. Oh, the weary waiting till the birth of my precious baby girl. Two almost happy months with her and only a few more to wait for the father who was anxious to claim her. My father came into the room one day, saying, 'I wish you to go to Kansas City with me. We will take the evening train.' I looked at baby. 'Yes,' he said, 'take her along.' I prepared for my journey with some misgiving, but never thought of the reality. We took the train and then a carriage, my father frowning and silent till we were nearing our journey's end. 'Where are we going, father?' 'To a place where you can get rid of that illegitimate child.' I was struck dumb. I felt myself fainting, but by a mighty effort retained my senses and as we stopped before your door an inspiration came to me: 'I will leave her here till I can claim her.' I gave you what money I had, but was kept so close a prisoner I could not send you any more or come to see you. I am of

age. We are married, but baby is dead and buried."

I tried to tell them of the time to come when other little ones should be given to gladden their home, but there is not much comfort to be found at such times, and I know that Haidee, the little waif, was dearly loved and truly mourned.

This true story is a sad one, but there may be a lesson in it. Nothing can justify the intimacy of this young couple or others situated as they; but are not parents sometimes unreasonable in separating those whose mutual love leads to a desire for legitimate relations? We wish to do the best we can for our children, but is it not possible for us to err? Should we not use reason and common sense in these cases? Hatred or harshness or force can do little good. We expect obedience from our children; we deserve it; we ought to have it; but to compel obedience after the years of accountability are reached is perhaps going beyond our duty and the best interest of our child. Parents are accountable to God and man for the conduct of their children up to a certain point, where the responsibility falls on the child itself. We may exhort, instruct, advise as long as we please, but compulsion is only to be used to the place where our responsibility ends.

This is not an isolated case. I have known many such, and surely we need the wisdom that cometh from above to determine the future of those to whom we wish only good. We have no right to show our authority simply for authority's sake, but for the best good of those under our charge here and hereafter.

RETURN TO OMAHA.

I was in the Mother Lee's Waifs' Home less than a year and returned to my old field of labor. I rested and kept house for my boys until the annual meeting of the Rescue Home Association, when I was again elected superintendent. We started a mission in the "slum district," which did some good work, but the same old question confronted us concerning the associating together of the two classes.

It is a problem in our prisons, jails and reformatory institutions. How shall we keep the more degraded and sinful from contaminating the younger and more innocent? These two are always at variance and the opening of a new home for the more depraved was talked of in the association, but the expense was too heavy and the idea was abandoned for the present.

During the following years I tried to do my duty as best I could under existing circumstances, but the work accomplished was not always satisfactory to me. The Home was kept open and I was connected with it the most of the time.

At the annual meeting in the winter of 1900 the society decided on buying a home for the further prosecution of the work. The maternity cases far exceeded the others and I did not see how to better it.

If you get girls that have in sin good rooms and good food with many of the luxuries of life, you cannot put them in bare, cold rooms or set them down to indifferent food. I saw my life work slipping away into mere help for the body and felt I must arouse myself and in some way reach those to whom I am sent.

GOOD WILL MISSION.

GOOD WILL MISSION.

N. J. Smith has always been a great help to me, and much interested in rescue and mission work. He, my son Richard (who has already done much for this cause in various fields) and myself consulted together and prayed that we might be guided by the Lord, and trusted that an opening would be made for us. Brother Smith continually visited in the "slums," distributing tracts, gospels and portions of Scripture and I am sure he was led of the Lord directly to 103 North Tenth street. We looked the location over carefully, finding it suitable to our need. The district we purposed to reach was in plain sight. The girls we could see from the house at all hours of the day and night. There were two store rooms with nice chambers above. One of the rooms we divided into a Mission, opening on Tenth street, with a small lavatory and dressing room at the back; the other, into a kitchen and dining room. The latter was a large room opening on the street where the inmates of the houses about could come to get a meal or to visit if so inclined.

The Mission was open at all hours and we believe soon became a means of grace to the neighborhood. The sign, "Good Will Mission," attracted the attention of passers-by and was a reproof to their evil deeds.

The mission was formally dedicated by Rev. E. Ballenger, assisted by Rev. O. L. Barnes, November 2, 1901, and soon became the resort for missionaries in and out of the city.

It was not intended to make a home for girls here, but to get near them and to establish a center from which the work for their rescue could be carried on. We took in any that would come and sent them as soon as possible to the Bancroft Street Home.

The association controlling this Home, pursuant to resolutions passed at its annual session, afterward purchased property and removed to North Thirtieth street, not many months after we opened the Mission or about the time of its dedication. Some of us, feeling that the debt assumed in buying was more than we as trustees and members of the association were willing to assume, withdrew from that body, but continued to send them inmates as we could, but working independent of it as regards finance and methods.

In February, the next year (1902), we had our Mission full of girls and the Thirtieth Street Home was also full. They, with us, thought it not best to have the ones we had (the very worst class in the city) in the same place, as most of theirs were betrayed and deserted, but comparatively innocent. We had done good work and there was much more to be done, but a suburban home had become an absolute necessity. Before telling how wonderfully the way opened for this we wish to give our readers some idea of the work done in the Mission.

"Mother Lee" rescuing an unfortunate girl from a house of ill-fame in the slums of Omaha. Other girls rush to the scene while the picture is being taken.

SLUM INCIDENTS.

LILLIE VAUGHN.

Lillie Vaughn, thirty years old, direct from the slums, addicted to morphine, tobacco, etc. Remained till cured, then sent to Denver, Colo., to husband.

KITTIE BEAUMONT.

Kittie Beaumont (colored), thirty-five years old. Addicted to the use of drugs. Saved, then sent to county hospital for treatment.

META ADDIS.

Meta Addis, about thirty-five years old. One of the most pitiful cases known to us. Crazed and degraded beyond belief. Had to be tied in bed. Began to recover as soon as deprived of drink and drugs, and soon gave her heart to the Lord. Left us to go to work. This woman was well educated, a fine singer, could play on the organ and any one could see she had been raised a lady.

MAY L———.

May L———. Another noble mind and lovely person, prostituted by pernicious habits. A confirmed opium smoker. Consented to confinement and isolation. After ten days of raving and cursing, the habit entirely cured, she recovered health and strength. We wish to give God the glory for this. It is our firm be-

lief that no one of his own free will can stop when the habit of opium or morphine is fastened on him. This lady (for she is that truly) went home to Helena, Mont., and tries to express in her letters her gratitude for the benefits received in the Home.

We speak of the "habit" as a mighty destroyer, and it is. It creeps on almost unawares and is as relentless as the Octopus of old. Nothing short of grace can reach it. This lady has written an article for the medical journals which is said to be, for language and accuracy, one of the best ever known. She described the sensations from the first dose, the breaking down of the will, the efforts made to escape the fatal, ever-tightening snare, the loathing, the terrible despair of one caught in the toils, the giving up, the struggles for liberty and the final acknowledgment of inability to do so. She described her feelings when the drug was taken from her entirely, the hunger, the mortal sickness, the indescribable pains, the breaking of the bones, the flection of the muscles until her hands and feet seemed to reach to the street, her desire for death to end her misery. She had said, "If I die, let me die; I will die clean." She told of her awakening in her right mind, weak, but happy and free, no more a slave but able to look the world in the face.

She described by name the implements of the opium smoker and made drawings of the same.

Surely it is worth while to save such an one to womanhood, wifehood, friends, society and above all to a life of righteousness and Heaven.

MAMIE H———.

Mamie H———, a beautiful woman, twenty-five years old, given to drink, married, with one child. She followed her lover from South Dakota to this place where she fell into bad company. She was a Catholic and could not understand how the heart and life could be changed. She realized, however, that she must have help. She took a solemn vow before the minister in the Mission that she would not taste liquor again. This vow she kept faithfully, working hard and staying with us till ready to go home.

This was one of the loveliest characters I ever met. She was so perfectly beautiful, so sweet, so affectionate, a bright mark for the tempter. She was in a colored rooming house when we found her. The madam, though hardened in sin, could not see her go on in sin, and came to the Mission asking us to take her. She had lain in her room four days only to rouse long enough to drink again, with no money and those with whom she associated more fiends than friends. We sent an invitation for her to take dinner with us. She could not, she was so drunk, but by evening she could walk, and came to supper. We coaxed her to stay and she did for three days. When out for a short walk one of her former friends (?) stopped her, invited her to drink and without God's grace she yielded. The city missionary saw her enter the saloon, sent us word, and we hurried to her rescue. She had drunk enough to make her obstinate, but we pleaded with her, and two of us literally dragged her from that horrible place. The saloonkeeper tried to stop us. Her com-

panion laughed and jeered, but we were after the soul in that poor, besotted body and cared only to get her away to a place of safety.

A few days after she said to one of the missionaries, "Why are you so good to me? I never saw any one like the people here. Why, I have not seen you mad or heard you swear, have not seen a cigar or any beer or other drink since I have been here. What makes you so different?" "It is the grace of God. Without it none of us are good, but He takes all the meanness out of us and gives us His Spirit." "I know there is something, but I never saw or heard of it before." Oh, for more of that Spirit that makes us "different" from the world around us, for it is this Spirit alone that can touch hard hearts.

A young colored girl, talented and well behaved, but in great danger, was hired to play and sing in a brothel, but being out when the inmates were arrested for theft she escaped the prison. She came to us in a great fright, was provided with suitable clothing and sent to her home.

The mother and father of this girl are prominent in church circles, are highly respected, had educated their two daughters in the public schools, giving them more than ordinary advantages. I cannot understand why so young a girl was permitted to see, let alone enter, one of those damnable places. How could those parents lie in bed knowing their daughter was exposed to worse than fire or flood, yea, even worse than death itself. "Perhaps they did not know it," some one says. They ought to know it. They are responsible for the conduct of that child and if any chance for gain influ-

enced them, the time is not far distant when they must meet it at the bar of conscience and at the bar of God.

ELLA MONROE.

Ella Monroe, a light colored girl, a victim of every known vicious habit, was with us many times, was a liar and thief. She always professed great penitence on her return. Would profess religion while committing the most abominable sins. At one time she took from Mother Lee's pocket more than $200.00 in cash and securities, and although we tried our utmost to get her to confess and restore, could not move her. She prayed with the most earnestness for the thief to be caught and punished. We found the pocketbook with the papers in her hand and afterward the money, but she still denies all knowledge of the theft. She has since served several jail sentences and is now in state prison for doing personal injury with intent to kill.

We know that seed has been sown in tears and are still praying that they may spring up and bear fruit to be gathered when Jesus shall come to make up his jewels.

ANNIE C———.

Annie C———, a very young girl, ran away from home, came to us for care and protection, obtained a good place where she made many friends. A nice little girl, reached just in time.

We were eating dinner one day when we saw two girls from the country pass and repass the door. Neither was more than sixteen, and unused to city

ways. Both had been crying and were aimlessly walking up and down. I knew they were troubled and afraid and went to their help. I walked slowly along till they turned down into the slum district, then addressed them as kindly as possible.

"Do you know where you are going, girls?" "Yes, we know. We don't want to go, but we want to go home. A man up here told us we could get the money in a day or two if we would go down here. We never have been here, but may be we can go home tomorrow." The tears fell fast as they told me how they came to the city, thinking there is plenty of work, but could find nothing to do.

They had spent the last cent they had, when this human vulture, waiting no doubt for their extremity, had directed them to the jaws of hell, where he expected to obtain a price for two more degraded bodies, and two more lost souls. He was foiled, thank God, for as I told them how they were being trapped and sold, and would not be allowed to go home, but would become the tool of evil men, they said, "Oh, don't let us go. Take us with you. We will be good. We will work, only let us come with you and earn money to go home." They had fasted until so weak they could hardly walk the two blocks to the Mission.

We went immediately to headquarters, got transportation for them and that night they slept at their homes, instead of in a house of shame, shut out forever from innocent childhood and hope for the future.

INSTANCE OF A GIRL RESCUED.

I wish to relate an instance of a girl that I have been instrumental in rescuing from a sinful life while engaged in rescue work in the city of Chicago. One evening a band of workers started for the slums. The first place at which we stopped was a very fine palace, from the outward appearance. On entering the place we found there several very beautiful looking girls, all young. We began to make inquiry as to why they were in such a place. As we told them our mission and for what purpose we had come, one girl broke down and began to weep very bitterly. She told us how she came to be in such a place; with tears streaming down her cheeks, she said:

"My parents live near Springfield, this state. We had an uncle living here in the city, and I came here to visit him. On getting off the train I got into a hack and told the driver where I wished to be taken to. He drove up to this fine appearing mansion, helped me off with my baggage, rang the bell and quickly drove away. Soon the door opened. On making entry I asked if such parties lived here; I was told they did. The one who opened the door said, 'Just have a seat in the parlor, I will call the lady of the house.' As she closed the door she turned the key and went upstairs. Soon down came a very fine dressed lady and with her were several girls, all dressed in the parapharnalia of such a life. I then woke up to the fact that I was a prisoner, but, alas, it was too late."

I then went out and secured the assistance of an officer; on our return to the brothel we discovered that the parties in charge had disappeared, and apparently there was no one home at this time; the officer stepped up to a large pane of glass and, with a club he had in his hand, broke it, and said, "Come in here, we will see if we cannot find her." We looked all around, but could not hear any one.

He then said, "Let us go up stairs and see if we can't find her." As we reached the head of the stairs we heard some one crying as if they were being beaten with a whip; following the sound we came to the room.

Finding the door locked, the officer stepped back a few feet, took a plunge at the door and broke it, and there sat the girl, weeping as if her heart would break.

We rescued the girl from the palace of sin, and took her home to her uncle. Ought not this instance to be a warning to young girls and parents? There are thousands such that are taken into a life like this, not because they want to, but because of the circumstance.

MISS C. E. ROBERTSON.

A SAD STORY OF A TALLAHASSEE GIRL.

I was born in Florida, in 1859, of wealthy parents, my father being a physician as well as a large slave holder.

At the early age of eighteen I became engaged to a gentleman, so-called. After being engaged to him for more than a year my ruin was accomplished. After several months of concealing my situation, I attended a large reception and fainted as I was dancing. When I recovered consciousness several old married ladies, friends of our family, stood in a corner afar, and the lady at whose house the reception was held ordered me to leave. The next morning I arose and sent a telegram to my seducer to leave, as all was known.

About 11 a. m. that day friends of my father and brother called, telling them my sad condition. They came from the office to the house and sent for me to meet them in the parlor. When I entered I found my father and brother weeping, my dear mother standing, dreading, she knew not what. My noble brother met me as I entered the room, and said: "Cornelia, Governor B. and Judge W. have informed us that you have done what a woman should not do. Can it be true?" And I said, "Yes, are you going to kill me?" But he replied: "No, Cornelia, we are going to make a woman of you." My poor old mother gave a scream and went into convulsions, her reason being despaired of for almost two weeks; while never a word of reproach did I receive from my family.

My little baby girl was born the following winter. My parents received her in the name of Christ. I remained at home for four years, bearing the scorn of my former friends as they passed by me on the streets, with adverted heads. Then my brother boarded me in Washington, D. C., with my child, but, alas, a woman from Tallahassee came to the house and denounced me. I was turned out of the house.

I placed my child in an orphanage and went to Raleigh, N. C., where I entered a house of ill fame. I traveled from city to city, and became one of the most wicked of the "demi Monde," steeping my conscience in drink, and was guilty of all vile sins.

But I could find no happiness, although I had all that money could buy. After a while I felt a dread shadow at my side, until I became afraid to remain in my room alone. Of course, as long as the house was full and the music, dancing and flowing of wine was going on, it was easy to forget.

I lived in Omaha, Nebraska, in one of the best known houses for three years until a very small voice began to plead with me. I found it was the voice of Jesus, and of my parents who were devoted Christians.

I left my guilded palace of sin and entered a "Faith Home" in St. Louis, where I endured all kind of privation. I was received back into communion of the Episcopal church, but without that peace and rest of the soul.

I entered the Catholic convent and welcomed a life of penance. I determined to leave St. Louis and return to Omaha. I made inquiries and was directed to

Mother Lee's Home. Here I met a truly Christian home; a place that was not a prison, but a place with all the comforts of home, and with workers that I felt had the true spirit of Christ. I finally came to Jesus just as I was, without the intercession of a priest, and Jesus set me free, and washed me in His own precious blood. I have the assurance of it not only in my soul, but in answer to prayers, as I hear from my daughter who had refused to write to me all these years.

I hope this story of my life will be read, and touch some heart to see that the fallen drunken woman can be made whole through the precious blood of Jesus.

C. E. ROBERTSON.

A little trust in the arm of flesh,
My character, it was soiled;
A little taste of wickedness,
And all my life was spoiled.

A baby girl, one winter day,
Had come into my life;
Who did reprove me of my sin;
I had never been a wife.

One little step the downward way,
How quickly one may fall;
I made my way to the wine room
And to the fancy ball.

I drifted out on the awful sea,
I did not look for fame;
I only tho't to drown awhile
My own, my awful shame.

But I heard a small voice whisper,
"Come back, my child, come back,
If you would save your soul alive,
Oh, seek another track."

I yielded up my all to Him
And He has made me whole;
He blotted out my guilty past
And also saved my soul.

A BOY BABY.

MOTHER'S CARD TABLE MY RUIN.

I will endeavor with God's help to give a brief sketch of that part of my life which was spent in serving the devil, and hope that it may reach some girl before she has drunk the cup of sorrow to the very dregs, as I have done.

Born in Michigan, reared in Iowa, and at the age of ten years, father having died in the meantime, mother went farther west. At the age of fifteen years I was ruined, and with my mother's consent. Now, that may seem like a rather strange statement, but, as God is my judge, it is only the truth. We always had card playing in our home and, as one sin leads to another, so card playing led to my ruin.

One night, oh, would to God that I could forget, my mother had her usual card party and as one of her guests was absent I was called upon by my mother to take part in the game, and as drinking usually goes with card playing, so it did there. I had never touched liquor before in my life, and besides I think now that my glass was drugged, for after drinking only one glass I knew nothing more till morning, and then I awoke terribly sick, and mother told me what had been done, and also told me that such things were frequently done and that all women, both rich and poor, had their lovers and that Mr. H. was willing to support me in all luxury if I would be his mistress. Good advice to come from a mother, was it not?

Well, I did not accept the proposition, but perhaps that would have been better for me than what I did do. Be that as it may, in one short year I knew more about

the rough side of life than a great many women ever know, and I pray God to keep them from knowing life as I knew it then. After one year, or at the age of sixteen, I found myself behind the bars, and only one companion who was willing to help me in any way. After staying there two weeks I was rescued by Mrs. Harding and brought to a home.

One would naturally suppose that would have satisfied me, but it did not, for after leaving the home I went deeper in sin than ever, and I knew where I had made the step before that placed me in prison, so I avoided it. But after being two years in sin, constantly traveling and gambling, I was once more brought to a halt by poor health. I came back to the home, and Mother Lee, blessed woman that she is, took me in and gave me shelter and food when every one else had closed their doors to me.

I got saved and God wonderfully healed me, and for a while I enjoyed the best of health, and as Mother Lee had already done so much for me I felt as though I ought to go out and work and earn my own way, but it would have been much better for me if I had stayed with mother if I had had only a crust to eat.

I had been gone from Omaha scarcely three months until I was serving the devil again better than before. For now, after once knowing the peace and joy of the salvation of the Lord, I had my own conscience to deaden and had to be constantly in a whirl of excitement. They say what is bred in the bone will out, and I believe it to be true, for I tried so many times to quit and make something of myself only to go back in sin deeper and deeper.

Well, then, after falling this time there was not a thing I would not do except drink or steal. But nothing else daunted me, and I would plan for months to accomplish one particular object only to throw it away from me when gotten, as it did not satisfy.

For three years I led a life that would have daunted a woman with less nerve and coolness. And everything that I set my heart on doing was as good as done. There were two words that I never allowed to enter my life; one was "can't" and the other was "fail." During these three years I was from coast to coast, from Georgia to Canada, and yet was always in a fever of unrest.

Then I was stricken down almost unto death. I was ten long weeks in a hospital in Iowa, and there was a minister came to talk with me one day after the doctor had said that I could not live another twenty-four hours. He talked with me awhile, and finally asked me about my soul. I said to him, "If I die I go straight as an arrow into the very pit of hell." He seemed shocked and said that it was not too late. I told him, "Brother, you go tell that to some one that has never been saved, some one who has never known or heard of God and His power to save, and your time will be well spent, but a death bed repentance would be of no avail to me."

Why or how I recovered is a mystery to me, but I think it must have been by or through the prayers that followed me from this Home. After fully recovering I went west and have since led a life that need cause no woman to blush with shame. For six months I did right for right's sake, then I sought the Lord's for-

giveness and found it, and depended on the Lord for strength to fight temptations and, praise His name, I have always found him willing to meet me more than half way. And for the past six weeks I have devoted all my time and strength to His work; where it shall always be used so long as life lasts.

I belong to the Lord heart, soul and body, to do His will in all things, and to do work for Him wherever and whatever my hands find to do. And if I am permitted to live three score and ten years I expect with the Lord's help to spend every moment's time in His work, wherever He opens up the way for me, and will count it only a very little thing to do after all the Lord has done for me.

And to the girls who read this I would say, STOP while you have yet time; and to those who have never been in sin, take the advice of one who knows. Stop before you have years of your life to regret, before you have sins to repent of, sins that will cause your heart to break, your life to be ruined, and turn to the Lord while in youth and purity and save all these heartaches, pains and useless regret.

For the past we can never recall; we can only live for the future, and trust in the Lord, and He is always ready to help us if we only ask Him to. It is settled between God and me for time and eternity. As for me I will serve Jesus. And if He can save me from such a life He can save you. Hoping that this will reach some poor, tired heart and cheer and comfort it, I will say, may God bless and save all the girls that ever entered this home. L. F. M.

MABEL HEATH.

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

Out of the Depths of Sin, into Eternal Glory, Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

CONVERSION AND DEATH OF MABEL HEATH.

"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

Again has the power of God been displayed in reaching down His almighty hand of love to a poor, broken, penitent woman, lifting her from the slough of wickedness and degradation, and blotting out of His book of remembrance the sins of her life, which were many and deep-dyed as crimson.

Mable Heath a few years ago was a widely known Kansas City courtesan. She was proprietor of the most aristocratic houses of ill-fame in that wicked city. She did a thriving business—awful because of its character; awful because of the extent to which it was carried on. She lived in great style; rode in a fine carriage, attended by a high-salaried coachman and a pack of imported dogs. Men of wealth were her patrons. "Her feet took hold on hell."

But during these years of sensual splendor and luxury, she had a dire foreboding that the time would come when she would be stripped of her wealth and health and friends and die a wretched outcast.

It was during the time of this woman's greatest financial prosperity that Mrs. Martha A. Lee spent two years in rescue work in Kansas City. She and her co-laborers often visited this woman's palaces of

sin and succeeded in closing one of them by rescuing so many of the inmates from their lives of shame that there were not enough of them left to keep the house open.

The oft-repeated presentiment of misfortune was speedily realized. Tiring of her life of shame, notwithstanding the revenues derived from it, she embarked in the more honorable, but to her less lucrative, business of hotel keeping. Through the duplicity of one to whom she had entrusted some business matters, much of her property was lost or involved in litigation; her health failed; she sought to regain it by the quiet and rest of a country home in Nebraska, but to no avail. Luxury and dissipation had done their fatal work.

Leaving the country home she came to Omaha, stopping at one of the hotels of the city. Here a card for the Mother Lee Home, printed in the Hotel Reporter, came under her notice. In her distress she determined to at once find the woman whom she had seen engaging so successfully in rescue work a few years ago.

Friendless, despairing, penitent, she resolved to go to Mother Lee and end her days on earth under her care.

She arrived at the Home in the evening of March 14. The walk from the car had so exhausted the little strength she had left that she fell prostrate upon entering the door. She was assisted to a couch, and asked for Mother Lee.

The physician who attended her told her plainly that she had but a short time to live. She required no urging to get her to seek the Lord. She was sick of sin and

wanted salvation. But, like many others, she judged Christianity too much by those who professed to be Christians, and she had seen so much hypocrisy that for a while it seemed impossible for her to exercise the faith requisite for her salvation.

At breakfast Sunday morning, March 22, Mother Lee requested those present, workers and inmates of the Home who had been converted, to make that day one of prayer for this woman, asking them to go to secret places of devotion whenever they felt a spirit of prayer. It was a day long to be remembered at the Home. He who promised to hear His children when they cry unto Him heard the prayers that ascended as incense before His throne. He who said, "Ask and ye shall receive," did not disappoint His people.

That evening as the twilight shadows were deepening, she who had been the subject of so many prayers during the day asked that some in whom she had confidence would come to her room and pray by her bedside for her. The request was granted. And while the prayers of others were being offered in her behalf, her own heart was pleading for pardon. In this, the supreme moment of her life, God heard and answered prayer and spoke peace to her soul. How her face lighted up and shone for joy because of her new-found treasure. Lifting her feeble hands and looking up she exclaimed repeatedly, "Peace, peace! I never knew peace before!"

After her conversion she often expressed a desire to live a few years longer, if it were the Lord's will, to work for the Master. "I am ready to go, but I don't

want to go empty-handed," she told those about her, and said if she recovered from her sickness she would spend the balance of her days on earth working in the slums to offset as much as possible the evil of her misspent life. The one desire of her heart after her conversion seemed to be to do some good. After her hearing was gone Mother Lee wrote on a slate the question, "Are you ready for heaven?" and held it before her to read. She smiled and nodded her head; then, putting her arms about the neck of the woman whom she had learned to love, she whispered, "I don't want to die. Can't you hold me back? I have just found God. I want to do something for Him." But God, who knows all things, knew it was best to take her hence.

She suffered much but continued to rejoice in her new-found Savior's love. Before the end came she became reconciled to go, and early on the morning of Tuesday, April 7th, she passed peacefully away to the great beyond.

The next day, in the afternoon, a company assembled in the parlor of the Rescue Home. Rev. John W. Thomas, editor of the *Good Will Tidings,* preached a funeral discourse from the text, Heb. 9:27, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." While friends took a final view of the corpse, they sang, "Asleep in Jesus."

After the services at the Home, the remains were taken to Albright and interred in Laurel Hill cemetery, to await the resurrection of the just, when she will come forth

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

CHRIST AND THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY.

He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone.
And Jesus said unto her, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."
—St. John 8.

CHRIST AND THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY.

"Neither do I condemn you,"
  Is what the Saviour said,
As she tremblingly stood before Him
  And would not raise her head.

Christ looked upon the woman;
  He knew her sin she felt,
And as He looked upon her
  His loving heart did melt.

"We caught her in the very act,"
  Said one of them well known;
So Jesus said, "If you are free,
  Just cast at her a stone."

He did not stop to answer more,
  But quickly kneeling down,
And thus he wrote their accusation,
  Each one upon the ground.

They one by one went guilty out,
  Nor looked back in the room;
They could not say, "Sir, we are free;
  But she has sealed her doom."

Then, rising quickly to His feet,
  He spoke the tender word:

"Has no one now condemned you?"
She answered, "No, my Lord."

When Jesus saw her penitence
For all the sin of yore,
He said, "Neither do I condemn you;
But go and sin no more."

Now, will you have the love of Christ,
And help us watch and pray,
That we may save some mother's girl
Who now has gone astray?

So we might multiply cases of the poor, the sick, the vile, who were fed, visited, encouraged, prayed for, housed and brought to the feet of Him who has said, "Go and sin no more."

BACK TO THE OLD HOME.

The old Home belonged to Mrs. B. F. Park, Belleville, Kas. She, with her husband, who was for some years our Home physician, came to the city on business and in February, 1902, she called to see if we would like to have it again.

She knew nothing about the crowded condition of the mission, did not even know we were looking for a suburban home in which to shelter our girls that they might in time be strong enough to resist temptation and go out into the world to care for themselves; but God knew our hearts and wishes and although it seemed improbable we should get the old Home back, He knew just how to do it for us.

Arrangements were entered into by which we were for a nominal rent to occupy the house in which God had revealed to our Sister Newberry "a great work was to be done," and so long ago promised to the faithful ones for a permanent home for "unfortunate" girls. When we felt our weakness most He, with infinite strength, gave us the desire of our hearts. We believed God sent Mrs. Park, and we told her we would like to move as soon as possible. We left enough workers to keep the Mission open and moved back to our God-given, God-blessed Home, February 19, 1902.

The houses and grounds were in a filthy, run-down condition, but from the first day when the pillar of fire rested over this place we felt the guiding hand of Him in whom we trusted.

Richard A. Lee had been solicitor for us at the Mis-

REV. J. W. EDWARDS,
President of Board of Trustees.

sion and continued this work for the Home. Mrs. Coffey, who had followed my fortunes through all the years of success or failure, came to the Home with me.

We worked very hard that first year to bring order out of chaos. Those were days of struggle and prayer, but days of victory and blessing, and many precious souls were garnered for the kingdom. I have noticed that sacrifice, cross-bearing and real times of trial, joyfully borne, have had their fruit in the salvation of souls.

It seemed a waste of money to put improvements on property not our own, and people feared to help us to any great extent; for we might fail or die and the money thus spent be lost.

Dr. Park had called and arrangements had been made making him our medical adviser. He became a good friend and of great help to us. He said the property was for sale, but as he wished to buy in another part of the city and needed the money he could not wait for us to pay it out. We went again to the owner of the "cattle on a thousand hills." For ten years we had been praying for means to buy this place. We hardly liked our wishes to be known concerning it, for we had no organization to whom it could be left and the people are conservative, and rightly so, concerning the money they put into the work of the Lord.

We were advised to incorporate and thus get a standing that would give assurance to our friends and could not be shaken by our foes. At the same time we ourselves felt the need of stability and permanency.

We organized at Orleans, Neb., December 1, 1902.

REV. J. W. THOMAS,
Secretary of Board of Trustees.

and incorporated under the laws of Nebraska as a charitable institution, with the following named persons as a board of trustees: J. W. Edwards, president; John W. Thomas, secretary; Mrs. E. M. Coffey, Mrs. Hattie M. Edwards, L. G. Childs. The immediate Home appointments were, M. A. Lee, superintendent and treasurer; E. M. Coffey, matron and secretary; R. A. Lee, evangelist and financial agent. The name, "Mother Lee Good Will Mission Home," was adopted.

Our prayers became more definite and the support of the Home more even and reliable. The board of trustees was in no way responsible for the running expenses or conduct of the Home, but merely to hold moneys or securities and to assist in the purchase of such property as their business knowledge would see was for the best good of the institution.

R. A. Lee, in pursuance of his appointment, called at a western village and was advised to go out into the country to visit a rich man, one considered most liberal. He was kindly received at the home of Mr. Samuel Tinley, but did not succeed in getting a donation for the work. He was promised something, however. "Tell your mother to come out. I met her at Lincoln years ago and became interested in some of the girls she had with her. If she can come and see us, we can talk over matters and find out what is best to be done."

When, after a time, I felt that it was right for me to go, I went. I had been praying for the way to open in an especial manner, that God would send means to buy a home in His own good time, and that it would

not be in such a way that any man could get the glory, but that God would get every bit of it. Father Tinley seemed glad to see me. We talked over the work as he knew it at the first, and down to the present time, and finally retired without his having come to any decision. I fell asleep calmly with faith unshaken. God had given this man opportunity to do Him service, but if he refused to obey Him there were others.

Before rising in the morning Mother Tinley related to me a remarkable dream her husband had had during the night, which fully convinced us that he should not withhold the wealth given him in trust. He felt as we did, but wished to make sure.

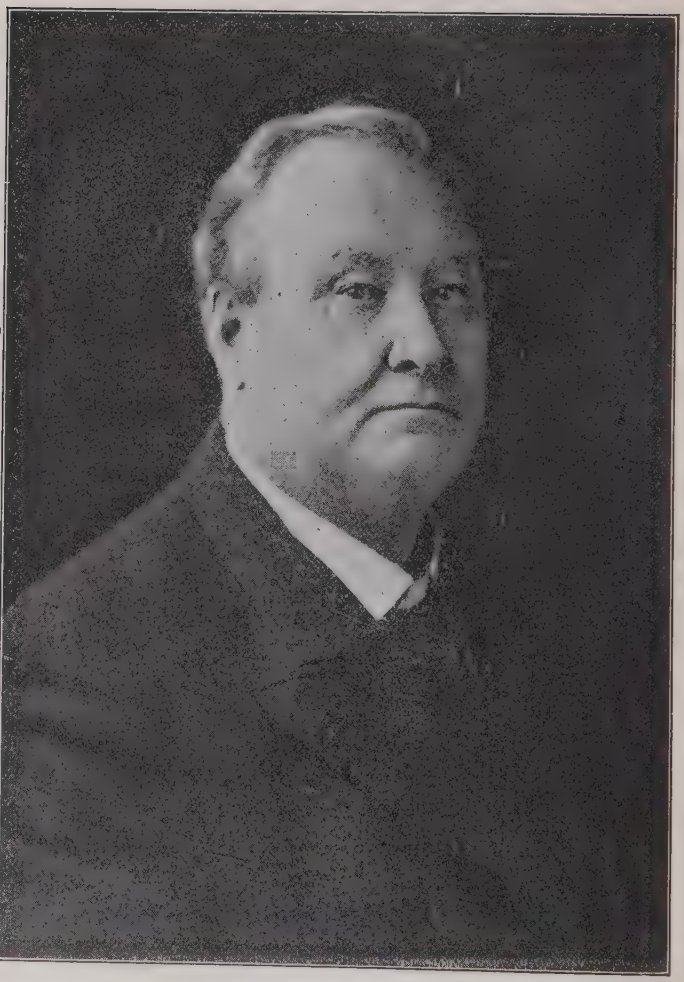
"Mother Lee, what do you think I ought to do?"

"I think you ought to buy this place for us, or give us the money to buy it."

He answered, "I can if the Lord wants me to."

Nothing more was said, but as we went to the train, he told me not to worry, all would come out right. I came home and after a time of testing, we got a business letter from Father Tinley asking how much the property could be bought for, if it was free from incumbrance, if the title was clear, and so forth. We sent an abstract of title which in some points was not definite enough, but after some weeks all was cleared up to his satisfaction.

We prayed much during these weeks, never doubting. Just a few days before Christmas Father Tinley came to Omaha with the necessary papers and on the evening of the 24th of December, 1903, the transfer was completed, and he telephoned to me, "It is finished. Praise the Lord!"



SAMUEL TINLEY.
Benefactor.

Fourteen years of labor, but that labor has accomplished its purpose and faith its fruition.

Father Tinley was elected to the trustee board and the name, in his honor, changed to the "Tinley Rescue Home for Fallen Girls and Women," and on the new seal, by his request, was inscribed this reference, Isa. 1:18, "Proclaiming by law our faith in God for the salvation of the fallen."

The property coming into our possession consisted of four city lots and three small houses, fourteen rooms in all.

The site is a fine one, some distance from the business center of the city, but not far from the car line. It has many fine forest trees. And, above all, God selected it, paid for it and still has charge of it. Hallelujah!

We have a fine new building suitable for hospital purposes, eleven rooms with halls and stairs, two new cottages of two rooms each, a laundry and printing office, two fine baths and have enlarged our dining room. We have refitted, painted, papered and finished, filled up and terraced the yard, put in electric lights and a telephone, built coal shed and other outbuildings. The heating plant will be installed ere this goes to press. All these improvements, with many we cannot mention, were made in less than two years.

We have done our part, God has fulfilled His, and we, His instruments, give Him the glory.

The deed makes it impossible for this association to go into debt or place any encumbrance on the property, which must be used for the sole purpose for

COTTAGES AND OFFICE.

which it was purchased, or revert to the former owner or his heirs.

We hope the facts recorded in these pages under the inspiration of the Spirit will lead many to give themselves to this needy field, and that out of them may be chosen consecrated workers to perpetuate the ministering to body and soul of fallen humanity, even till Jesus comes.

MAIN BUILDING AND ANNEX.

RESUME OF THE WORK.

We looked at first for insult, perhaps injury, in the abodes of sin we visited; but received only kindness and courtesy from most of those called upon, and in very few cases failed to get an interview with the party we were seeking. One girl left her room to conduct us to another street, and not finding the inmate we wished, searched nearly the whole district to find her for us, but failed. Our visit, however, was not in vain, for we were admitted to a house at that time of one who was soon after sent to jail because unable to pay her "fine." When released she came to the Home. She is now saved, and has a good home in a minister's family. This woman is over forty years of age and had lived for twenty years in this awful state; many times when well-nigh discouraged at the misconduct of one we trusted, at mention of her name we begin to look up and bless God that His promise never failed until it accomplished that whereunto it was sent.

The stories of some of these poor lost ones are sad indeed; the very ones that should stand between them and all trouble are frequently the authors of all their sorrow. We soon came to know the girls on the Avenue and they speak to us whenever they see us. I am called "Mother Lee" by many of them, and should one wish to speak evil of me, she would find the whole street was friendly toward me, and might fare roughly at the hands of some. They quickly recognize efforts that are really for their good, but selfish motives can-

not be hidden from them, and they resent in a body and with no genteel speech any interference from such as in any way seek them for such a purpose.

Do not think for a moment, dear readers, that these fallen ones have deliberately chosen a life of sinfulness and degradation. I have given some years of attention to the subject and have arrived at this conclusion, that in nine cases out of ten of seduction the women have erred through affection, not passion, to please the beloved, but chiefly through ignorance. They feel no passion, are totally ignorant of its signs in others; even should they feel they are in equal ignorance of what it means. While that much lauded ignorance prevents any thought of evil until the bounds of innocence have been overstepped and the threshold of sin crossed. I have talked with all sorts and kinds of women, from the common prostitute to the purest matron, from the one who seeks death by her own hand to the girl whose sin has never been made public, and this is my sure conviction, the most common factor in the seduction of the unmarried is ignorance, not passion, not love of sin, but ignorance of any love less innocent than that which teaches her to clasp the babe in her arms and half crush its life out in a passion of tenderness. The caresses of her male friends are no more to her than those she bestows on her young relatives or the very dear girl associates. Could this ignorance be overcome ere the fall came much of the misery could be prevented. Mothers are culpable on this head. Girls are allowed to glide from childhood into womanhood with no knowledge of the responsibilities the change will bring.

Books are now written by which mothers may not only inform themselves, but from which they may select for the child such as shall be suitable for her to read.

In these days of child labor it is necessary to throw around a young girl every preventive of vice and every incentive to a life of truth and purity. The life and habits of shop and factory girls are such that it exposes them to much greater temptation than they would have in their own homes. Hasty breakfasts, confection dinners and evenings out are hurtful. Girls working in the homes up town are not allowed company there, so seek it on the street, at the beach, in the parks, in the various gardens scattered up and down every large city. These soon become used to the bustle and excitement of such places and from thence a downward course is easy and rapid.

"What brought you to this place?" I ask again and again of the inmates of the brothels on the Avenue. Misery and shame, no matter whether it starts in love or hate, carelessness, ignorance, love of dress, inability to make a living, an unhappy home, it all ends in misery, misery! Never but once have I found a soul enter a life of ill repute from her own deliberate choice. In six weeks she was ready to come with us to the "Home," stripped of all, reputation gone, her clothes lost or stolen, herself in debt to the madam, health impaired by excess. Oh, had she only listened before all this came upon her. Mothers, take warning; daughters, no less sheltered, dear ones no less carefully raised than those in your own home, have been led astray and none are infallible. Where is the one

this great evil has not come nigh? A wife, a daughter, a sister, the dear ones so fully trusted, are they all true? And should it be that you have escaped the shadow of this great sin, it is only by the great mercy of God that you have done so. Help us for Jesus' sake, to rescue, to save, to bring out from this gate of hell such as will be saved.

Don't try to reach after them from afar, but go down to them in the spirit of the blessed Master. It is this that wins and keeps and saves.

Mr. Lee, Financial Agent; Mrs. Lee, Assistant Superintendent of the Tinley Rescue Home.

GOD'S CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.

R. A. LEE.

In Genesis 21:14-20 is found an account of the banishment of Hagar and her son, Ishmael, to the wilderness of Beer-Sheba. We who are acquainted with the Bible are familiar with the narrative.

Hagar was not the wife of Abraham, simply a handmaid. As was the custom of the eastern people of that time on leaving for a journey they took bread and a bottle of water, as the country through which they were to pass was a wilderness and desert. The rations which Hagar and her son took were small.

No disguise conceals from us the feelings and motives of action, but the heart is open before us in its plans and struggles, while Providence appears in direct and visible agency for the protection of the helpless and the encouragement of the faithful.

The history of Abraham is full of interest. The sending away of Hagar and her son was necessary to the peace of Abraham's family. Sarah, the wife, insisted on their dismissal. As much as Abraham loved his wife, his heart was against the proposal.

In this day and age in which we live there are many "outcasts" in the world. Not only are there many "boys" as in this case, but there are many "girls" who are outcasts. In the rescue work we have seen scores of girls who have in many ways been led into sin, and as it was in the case of the subject above mentioned, have been taken to a great wilderness and left there to die. Many of these girls have, by God's help, been rescued from lives of sin and shame.

Nowadays a girl who has gone wrong is looked down upon by society, she is shunned by her own sex, and public sentiment is against her. What is a girl in such circumstances to do?

As in the case before us the mother of the child, after her course of sustenance was gone, without food and homeless, her courage failed her. She laid the child under a shrub, as she thought, to die. We find in this line of rescue work many heartrending scenes as was this one.

In the supreme moment of this woman's life there was One who saw her pitiful condition and heard her sorrowing cry, and then spoke to her these words: "Arise, lift up the lad and hold him in thine hand, for I will make him a great nation."

As Hagar departed with a heart full of regret for the past and anxiety for the future, engrossed by the sad reflections that arose in her mind, she attended not to the way in which she was going and was lost in the wilderness; so it is with many girls who start out in life. They do not pay attention to the way they go till they are lost. Some go down by the theater and many more go down through the dance. I pray that parents may see the terrible evil of the dance and be more careful, especially with their girls.

There is a figure I wish to use in this scene to illustrate a point. It is the "shrub" under which Hagar placed the lad. "The Rescue Home" is as a shrub in a desert or wilderness under which any girl who will may come and be sheltered and kept from the temptations and allurements and from the associations of those who cause her downfall; and as God heard the

cry of the lad, so God will hear the cry of those who repent of their sins and turn away from their wrong doings. He will have mercy on them and save them.

There are many children born in the Home, and many of the mothers of these little ones feel as did Hagar. It is easy to conceive the feeling of Hagar after God had heard the cry of the lad and after her eyes were open to the waters. Her heart overflowed with gratitude at God's mercy who had not despised the affliction of an *outcast* and with affection for the child reviving in her arms.

There is no situation in life so distressing that some comfort may not be obtained. We are many times not as thankful for the favors God bestows and His many kind providences as we ought to be. We may not have the shadow of a great rock; if we have only a shrub under which to hide we ought not to repine. Instead of murmuring, complaining, fretting, repining, we ought to be thankful and grateful to God.

When you see any one in trouble let this scene we have been considering stimulate your exertions for their relief. In the tears of Hagar we see how powerful natural affection is and how strong the love of a mother for her child.

Miserable is the situation of girls in distress where they are left to the cold charities of a stranger. Let us remember there is One who cares for the "outcasts." God so loved the world that He gave His only Son to die on the cross to save the outcasts. Let us do what we can to gather up the outcasts and point them to One who cares for them.

O, who will go and find them,
In the paths of death they roam;
At the close of the day it will be sweet to say,
"We have brought some lost one home."

RELATION OF THE DANCE TO THE BROTHEL.

I have no particular statistics on the relation of the dance to the brothel, but experience teaches me that they are inseparable. One of our ablest writers well says, "The dance is a war on home, it is a war on physical health, it is a war on man's moral nature." This is the broad avenue through which thousands press into the brothel. The dancing hall is "the nursery of the divorce court, the training ship of prostitution, the graduating school of infamy."

We believe this is every word true, for a girl or boy being allowed to attend the seductive dance with all its surrounding light and warmth, gaiety and good fellowship, soon loses all care for the life of home. The pleasures once so much enjoyed in which mother, father and children all joined, soon pale on the senses, excited by the theater, the wine supper, the dance, the brothel. Indulgence in these soon brings a fever which only burns the fiercer by being fed, till health and hope are gone. By these indulgences, the morals become degenerate, the standard of honorable manhood and womanhood is lowered and destroyed, till God's image disappears altogether, and only the earthly, sensual, devilish are seen.

To the dance may be traced a majority of the cases of infidelity, and thus it becomes responsible for the divorce with all its attendant ills. Parents whose

children are just coming to the place where they most need constant supervision, take recourse to this method of separation, soon entering again into relations that bring misery and contention into homes that should be governed with parental love and forbearance, never thinking, perhaps, of the anguish of mind, the terrible ordeal through which a child must pass as the family is broken up, the hope destroyed, the disgrace and downfall of one so dearly loved; all this so soon forgotten by the father or mother, but bitterly resented by the child.

You ask, What is the most frequent cause of the downfall of our girls? I answer, Divorce.

And "The dancing hall is the nursery for the divorce court." Seventy-five percent of the girls in our Rescue Homes are from homes where the divorce court has defiled the hearth and broken up the home. Divorce is worse than death, for a young man can see another put into the place of father or mother if death has removed the loved one; but marriage to another while the loved one is still alive is unbearable and invariably brings trouble. The Word teaches that he that marrieth her committeth adultery and causeth her to commit adultery. The laws of the land permit it, but God says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Innocent babes of eight or ten years are sent to the schools for dancing. "It will make them graceful, it will accustom them to the society of the other sex. It will make them less bashful and self-conscious." All true; but the childhood, the sweetness, the modesty, the beautiful trust, will in the meantime be destroyed forever. They will become pigmy men and

women and commence a downward course which can only end in sorrow, sin and death.

The trainingship of prostitution. A father or mother deliberately allowing and in many cases encouraging or commanding their little ones to enter this path to the hell of the liar, the seducer, the procurer, the druinkard, the adulterer and such like.

Father, mother, awake! Open your eyes and rescue, ere it be too late, the coming generation, your manly sons, your lovely daughters from this maelstrom that will surely carry them downward.

"The graduating school of infamy." Infamy! Oh, the shame of it! Oh, the meaning of it! The horror of it! Dens of vice, sinks of iniquity, places of debauchery, open mouths to everlasting death and ruin and destruction! Wake up, and ask God to help you to cry out against this terrible monster, without heart or conscience, without regard for the present or the hereafter.

A graduating school, indeed, in every evil thing, entered into without thought, indulged in simply for pleasure, we soon find ourselves bound hand and foot and the dance, like any other vicious habit, becomes our master from whom it is impossible to escape.

Are these things so? Yes, most lamentably true. Visit the rescue homes, the doors of hope or mercy, the orphanges, the waifs' homes, child and other hospitals, besides the numberless broken homes on every hand, and you will not ask if it is true, but will begin to ask what you can do to stem the tide already started and prevent others entering on this fatal course.

INJUSTICE.

How often we hear of the Prodigal Son,
From pulpit and platform and press—
A story of pardon and love so sincere;
The story is grand, I confess.

The prodigal boys, yes, are many, alas;
So far on the mountains of sin;
In riotous living their money is spent,
Forgetful of home and of kin.

And yet there is hope for the penitent boys,
There's a welcome and pardon at home;
The world will forgive and forget their great crime
No matter how far they may roam.

But the Prodigal Girl is sinful and lone,
No welcome for her has the world;
Brightest prospects in life all drooping and dead.
Cold censure upon her is hurled.

I saw a young maiden, both lovely and fair,
Pure, modest and noble of birth;
Yes, this gentle maiden rare graces possessed.
Ah! who could compute her great worth?

I saw her again, but, sad, sad to relate,
The victim of slanderous tongue—
A sorrowful sufferer, shunned by her friends,
An outcast! when only so young!

Then, downward she went with sin's tide,
Down, down to the depths in a whirl.
She saw it at last—that mother's lone child,
She now was a Prodigal Girl.

I saw her again: she was trying to rise
Above the suspicion of friends;
But sympathy mocked her; true friendship despised;
And love had no solace to lend.

In the church there was no one her cause to defend,
Nor hear her sad tale of despair;
They ne'er had thus stumbled and fallen so low;
They knew not, they seemed not to care.

The tears of repentance that fell from her eyes,
As they led her out of the pew,
Though failing to fracture those hard hearts of stone,
Were marked by the angels I knew.

I saw the vile sinner who led her astray,
He knelt in his soft cushioned pew.
The trial was over, "He wasn't to blame,"
But God the real culprit well knew.

Shame, shame on the church, and society, too,
That, turning aside from Gods plan,
Cry, "Stone the lost woman and cast her aside,
And pardon the vile, guilty man."

The Father, I know, will forgive. Oh, yes!
No respecter of persons is He.

The world may reject her and turn her away;
He'll save her and bid her go free.

I saw her again in the chamber of death;
Her beautiful spirit to heaven had flown,
For God had forgiven her, cleansed her from sin,
And claimed her as one of His own.

WHOSE PLAN, GOD'S OR THE DEVIL'S?

R. A. LEE.

God has spoken through His inspired men and said: "Woe unto him who putteth the bottie to his neighbor's lips and maketh him drunken."

In the Tenth Psalm we have a very vivid picture of the liquor seller, how he destroys the characters, bodies and souls of men. "His mouth is full of cursing, deceit and fraud. Under his tongue is mischief and vanity. He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages. In secret places he doth murder the innocent. His eyes are against the poor. He lieth in wait secretly, as a lion in his den. He lieth in wait to catch the poor. He doth catch the poor when he draweth him into his net.

"He croucheth and humbleth himself that the poor may fall by his strong ones. He hath said, in his heart, God hath forgiven; He hideth His face; He will never see it."

If it is right to give men liquor to make them drunk or to sell the liquors on which to get drunk, why should the Bible pronounce a curse upon men who do it?

If it be wrong, as it clearly is, or God would not have condemned it, what is the duty of the government concerning it?

The answer is very plain. To declare it to be a crime, and pronounce a woe on all who engage in it. The question might arise, is it a crime producer? You only need to but ask any of our honest judges and they will tell you that 90 per cent of the crimes come from the consumption of liquor. When a man is under the

influence of drink he is liable to commit a crime that he otherwise would not do.

Then, if the liquor traffic is a producer of crime, then every loyal citizen should vote against it. That would be Prohibition. When we take into consideration the amount of crime that is in the world it is time, yea, high time, that every American citizen should rise up against the liquor traffic. There is estimated in this country twelve million voters, four million are said to be Christian men, whose names appear on the church record.

The twelve million voters by license make two hundred and fifty thousand saloon keepers. As the result of the saloons we have in the United States a greater slavery than the South ever knew. That is the "White Slave Trade," a traffic in girls, whose origin is in the traffic drink; further, we quote the following: As the result of the saloon, there are in the United States between three hundred and four hundred thousand girls in houses of ill fame, and it is said one million drunkards fill graves yearly.

We again ask the question, Is the liquor traffic a crime producer?

The above figures answer the question very vividly. If the four million Christian voters would do what their consciences tell them, when they come to the polls to vote, how long would the two hundred and fifty thousand saloons exist? If the liquor traffic was abolished, see what a saving of lives there would be: one million drunkards and between three hundred and four hundred thousand of our precious girls would be saved from a life of shame.

Think of the two hundred and ninety thousand girls that are dragged down to an awful life every year, almost wholly through the drink traffic. We admit there are other causes why girls go wrong; some we here mention: Mrs. Charlton Edholm, the noted rescue and temperance worker, says: "The dance is one of the prime causes of girls going wrong." She says: "The dance is the nursery of our divorce laws. It is the training ship of prostitution. It is the graduating school of infamy. Starvation wages."

In Chicago alone, in the department stores, there are employed over ten thousand girls who receive less than five dollars per week as wages. Many have from one to three depending on them for a living. Many girls are starved to sin. May God and His Holy Spirit arouse every reader to the responsibility that rests upon him.

In behalf of the one million of our fallen brothers and the four hundred thousand of our fallen sisters, we appeal to the voters of this country, that they will by their votes endeavor to stop the creating of crime by voting against the traffic in drink and thereby save the degeneration and degradation now in our land.

WHAT MORE CAN WE DO?

I have now been in the work for fallen and unfortunate girls for more than seventeen years, and am more thoroughly convinced than in all the past that the work being done in this direction is utterly insufficient to stop the downward trend of those for whom our efforts are being put forth. We, by the help of God, reach one here and there, but where one is brought into a life of uprightness a score go by that need our help. We have reached those who have descended into the lowest depths, those just entering on a life of degradation, the betrayed girl, and the one still more unfortunate than any of these, the one forced into a life which she abhors but from which she in her ignorance sees no escape.

A motherless child of thirteen forced by her inhuman father into a slavery worse than the times when slaves were bought and kept for the gratification of lust; human beings with souls to be saved or lost. These at least brought into the world those not handicapped by an incestuous connection that can bring nothing but feeble minds and bodies so distorted that little of human remains.

A child of thirteen, with no father to protect her, horsewhipped by an older, stronger brother into submission, and by threats of death made for years the victim of his hellish desires.

Another, living with relatives, who, from the nature of things, should have stood between her and

anything that would bring her trouble or shame, were the ones to bring these upon her.

These examples will suffice to show what we mean by unfortunate girls. Of course all are unfortunate, but these through no fault of their own.

In my first years of experience in the work the inmates of our homes were on an average six or more years older than now. Fifteen years ago we had more girls over twenty than under that age. Now we have them from thirteen to twenty. One of thirteen became the mother of a child, and the reception of very young inmates is common.

There were homes at that time only in our largest cities and the work was looked on with little favor. Homes almost innumerable have sprung up in nearly every city and town. These homes are a factor, and no small one, in the reclamation of the lost. The young men and women in their Associations are accomplishing much in the same direction. The states where prohibition prevails are a mighty power in the right direction, but the evil goes on and increases every year. Must it be so till the end of time, or is there something that can be done to stop this turbid stream at its fountain head? Is every device of God and man to fail and souls go down to perdition because of our helplessness? Has every means been used that can be to save our youth to useful and honorable lives?

We cannot take them out of the world. Our public schools and other places open to both sexes alike make this impracticable. Our Lord saw the need for his

people and prayed not that they be taken out of the world, but that they be kept from the evil.

I have raised this question, but cannot answer it. There are books being written, lectures given to men and women, mothers and fathers instructed in the training of their children, sermons, prayers, lectures, exhortations, force, these have all been tried, and have had only partial success and the question is still before us. Is this most degrading of sins to stand between the youth of this so-called land of liberty and the highest attainments of which they, untrammeled, are capable?

403 Bancroft Street. Phone Douglas 1921.

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Rescue Christian Home

——FOR——

FALLEN GIRLS AND WOMEN

(Incorporated.)

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IF YOU BELIEVE in placing a deserving Institution on a self-paying basis by CONTRIBUTING toward the purchase of material necessary to place it there,

IF YOU BELIEVE the labor of love for these Unfortunate Girls is leading them into the path of Purity and Righteousness,

IF YOU BELIEVE the work God is accomplishing through our instrumentality deserves recognition,

HELP US.

Any person sending one dollar or more to The Tinley Rescue Christian Home for Fallen Girls and Women, will be entitled to a copy of this book; providing the person sending such donation so desires.

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